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MAKING CARTRIDGES.—FROM A SKETCH BY THEO. R. DAVIS.—[SEE PAGE 802.]

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1877.

☞ *The* ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *sent out gratuitously with this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *contains a fine double-page engraving, entitled "Cloister Life—Outside the Refectory Door at Dinner-Time," a number of interesting African sketches, and a page of illustrations of life in Manitoba.*

An ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

THE ROCHESTER CONVENTION.

IN the unavoidable absence of the editor we defer until next week specific comment on the proceedings of the Republican State Convention, and take note of one feature only—the refusal to recognize the course of the President, in respect to the South and in the matter of civil service reform, as the true Republican policy.

That the members of the Convention who opposed such a recognition placed themselves in direct antagonism with the great body of the Republican party, is a fact patent to the most superficial observer of the drift of political opinion. Through its most influential newspapers and its most trusted representatives, that party has unequivocally pronounced its sympathy with the President, and its entire and cordial approval of his course. In refusing to recognize this fact the Convention failed to represent the views of the large majority of the party throughout the country, and by its betrayal of a great cause has furnished a signal illustration of the necessity of the reform which it condemned. No one can doubt that if the views of the main body of the party had been truly represented at Rochester, the action of the Convention would have been just the reverse of what it was. The very men who led or applauded the blind and partisan assault upon the President and his advisers appear to have awakened, though too late, to a sense of their folly. The Convention really came to an end with the close of the debate Wednesday night. There was but a meagre remnant present the next day when the nominations were to be made, and the proceedings showed that they had little heart in their work. For the first time in the history of Republican Conventions in this State, the nominations went a-begging. When men were found who were willing to be candidates, the names were received without enthusiasm, and the members finally dispersed with the depressing conviction that they had committed themselves to an astounding political blunder.

But the Convention was not the party, and the Republicans of New York will not forget their duty to themselves and the country in the coming election. The ticket is composed of men unexceptionable in character, and worthy of the hearty support which the party is prepared to give them.

MASSACHUSETTS AND GEORGIA.

WHILE the Republican President is heartily welcomed in the old Slave States, anti-slavery Massachusetts cheers him to the echo. It is one of the most significant signs of the times. The resolutions of the Massachusetts Republican Convention were altogether admirable. There were undoubtedly differences of opinion, as there always are in every Convention. But it was wisely decided that the party, if it would command confidence, must say what it thinks of the actual issues and interests of the hour. The Massachusetts Republicans, therefore, instead of asserting principles that the party has established, and which are now accepted by the country, declared its hearty support of the action of the Administration, and exhorted the President to courageous independence in well-doing. There was no shuffling and evasion about his honesty and his good intentions, but a cordial commendation of his good deeds and an incitement to persistence. The Republicans of Massachusetts know very well that the President alone can not accomplish every thing, and that if a result is to be achieved, it must be by the earnest and resolute sympathy and support of those who desire the result. It is very evident that in Massachusetts the friends of the Administration are in a great majority, and the speech of Senator HOAR, the president of the Convention, shows that SUMNER'S successor stands where SUMNER would undoubtedly have stood.

Indeed, is there one of the great original Republicans who would not, were he living, wholly sympathize with the action of the President? SUMNER, SEWARD, LINCOLN, CHASE, ANDREW, GREELEY—is there any doubt where they would be to-day? In their efforts and hope to reach the same result, many of them made terrible mistakes. Personal ambitions blinded them undoubtedly, but they saw that the cardinal condition of union was mutual understanding and self-respect. The conditions of the present Administration are more favorable than any possible condition in the time of the leaders of whom we speak. The time then was truly not ripe, and the party associations that some of these men preferred made the result impossible. To support the President, therefore, is not to assert that Mr. GREELEY should have been supported in 1872. The Democratic managers in that year by hopeless and illogical tactics attempted to anticipate the legitimate development of Republican principles. They failed ignominiously, because they disgusted both parties, their own as well as the Republican. Even Mr. SUMNER, who supported the Democratic candidate, could do so only upon the monstrous assumption that the Democratic party had become Republican. It was preposterous, but it was the only ground upon which that candidate could be supported by a Republican.

The situation is changed, but nothing is more untrue than the assertion that the President has adopted the Democratic policy. Is union a Democratic policy, and can there be any union without mutual confidence and regard? Is the Republican party essentially sectional, as this assertion implies, and as was always charged? Are not its principles in the highest degree constitutional and national, and do they not contemplate even a more intimate and friendly union than we have ever known? Every man politically wise in the Republican party has always contended, and the party platforms have declared, that the party which conducted the war must establish the peace, that the party which saved the Union must restore it. What does this mean but positive action, a policy to promote this happy result? And in such a policy the moral element is essential and most powerful. The wounds of civil war are, indeed, to be healed slowly and by the lapse of time. But time may pass for a century, and still the wounds be unhealed, if there be no sign of healing but the cold form of law. Under the leadership of men who are not beyond suspicion of personal aims, the Republican feeling might have become, as it was in danger of becoming, a mere distrust of the South and an appeal to sectional jealousy. The injustice of this position was shown during the last winter in Congress, and by the manner in which the President's measures, and now the President himself, have been received in the Southern States. There would have been no such reception had he been a renegade. The very significance of it is that he goes to the South proving to them, in his person and by his administration, that the political North, the organization of the characteristic and dominant sentiment of this part of the country, are not inimical or unjust to the dominant sentiment of the South. The President surrenders no Republican principle, or sympathy, or purpose. It is the white South, indeed, which is gladly surrendering its misconception of the Republican party as a vindictive and relentless enemy, a sectional tyrant. The Republican who believes that his party is the party of the equal rights, under the law, of the whole country and of every citizen, has no reason to be ashamed of his party as typified in the President.

STANLEY'S JOURNEY.

WE recently mentioned a great feat of a "newspaper man" in brilliantly reporting, as it were at full gallop, the first battle of Plevna. But another newspaper man has eclipsed him. Mr. STANLEY, in the employ of the London *Telegraph* and of the New York *Herald*, has crossed the continent of Africa from east to west, and in the face of enormous difficulties. By this daring and successful enterprise alone Mr. STANLEY has given his name a place in history, and has once more illustrated the indomitable pluck of the race. His journey, following close upon that of CAMERON, whose account is one of the most interesting of the many African stories, settles one of the great geographical problems, and completes the circle of investigation of the sources of the Nile. The heart of that mystery was substantially plucked out before, but Mr. STANLEY has proved that the Lualaba is the Congo. It is not possible without careful and exact study to distribute justly the praises due to the discovery of the Nile sources. But Mr. STANLEY'S special achievement is easily defined. His courage and tenacity and resource have been fully established by his journey alone. Besides that, he discovered LIVINGSTONE, and he has fully explored the Congo.

A very intelligent article upon the subject in the *World*, written evidently with great knowledge, makes, however, a curious criticism upon Mr. STANLEY'S success. It asserts in substance that he has only verified a hypothesis. But what more did COLUMBUS? The article states that LIVINGSTONE had suspected from the difference of level that the Lualaba did not enter the great lake, and that the differing levels of the lake and the river had been accurately determined. That the Lualaba did not belong to the Nile system was a settled fact. But that it was the Congo was still a hypothesis. This fact STANLEY has ascertained, and that is certainly a distinct contribution, and of the most important kind, to our knowledge of the geography of Africa. The incidents of the journey by which the fact was determined were full of romance and peril. Mr. STANLEY'S progress was a continuous skirmish or battle with the natives. They would not be mollified by any offer of amity, and the noiseless shower of poisoned arrows from ambushed enemies was the only greeting that the travellers received. This incessant and mysterious assault naturally produced a panic among some of the party, and STANLEY was deserted by the more timid. But the explorer pushed on; and driven from the jungles on the shore, he took to his boats. But on the water it was so difficult to secure supplies that he returned to the banks and again fought his way.

In descending the river the expedition was in great peril from the rapids. Several boats were swept over falls, and some of the most intelligent and valuable men were lost. But through and over every obstacle the intrepid explorer pressed on undaunted, and at last emerged upon the Atlantic Ocean. His journey must be reckoned among the most noted African exploits, and were it written by a more skillful hand than his own, the narration would be singularly fascinating. Before the brave and arduous explorations of the last few years mid-Africa has lost the utter mystery in which it has been so long hidden, and which has challenged the courage and ambition of so many distinguished men, the story of whose adventures forms a large library and a most interesting chapter in literature. The characters of many of the travellers have added a touching and peculiar charm to the story. The pathetic tenderness of the African woman to MUNGO PARK and the fervent devotion of LIVINGSTONE will be always remembered. This simple and sincere concentration upon the work itself is, of course, very different from STANLEY'S ambition for the glory of the work. But that ambition has produced a series of heroic successes which the world will heartily admire and applaud.

FALSE REPORTS.

THE New York *Evening Post* recently published the following dispatch from Washington:

"WASHINGTON, *September* 21.—Secretary SHERMAN asserts positively that in the event of the Republicans obtaining a majority in the Ohio Legislature, he will be a candidate for election to the United States Senate."

The next day it published the following:

"WASHINGTON, *September* 22.

"*To the Editors of the Evening Post:*

"Your correspondent, in his special dispatch in your paper yesterday, states what is absolutely false as to my asserting that I would be a candidate for election to the Senate; and in his dispatch of the day before, about my action in regard to clerks going to Ohio to vote, he also states a willful falsehood.

"JOHN SHERMAN."

The *Post* states that it was very glad to receive the contradiction about the clerks, and that it should take measures to ascertain how its correspondent was deceived. The *Post* is a careful journal, but this denial of Secretary SHERMAN'S forcibly calls attention to a very serious evil—the great quantity of falsehood which is sent from Washington as news. A close student of the newspapers is compelled to suspend judgment upon every important assertion anonymously made from Washington until it is authenticated. The competition among collectors of news is so lively that it is hardly possible for them to resist reporting any gossip which seems tolerably plausible, and the injustice which is done by this positive and universal publication of untruth is incalculable. It is true that a daily reporter can not establish incontestably every thing that he hears, and that the fact of certain rumors is itself news. But it is only fair to the persons concerned, and to the reader and to the newspaper interest, that important statements, involving distinguished public characters or the action of the Administration, should not be published as ascertained facts until they are so.

But the readers of newspapers should be like the close students of whom we speak, and read warily. Above all, knowing how readily mistaken and unfounded rumors are circulated, they should simply disbelieve what is inconsistent with the characters of those who are affected by them. There are very zealous friends of reform who see such a story as that of clerks ordered home to vote under penalty of dismissal, and they instantly believe it. Now the Administration may make mistakes; it may not move in the way nor at the time that many would wish for the correction of abuses in the civil service. But if a dispatch from Washington should distinctly declare that the Secretary of the Treasury had ordered an assessment to be levied upon the Custom-house for the benefit of the New York election, and that the President was especially anxious that it should be done, it seems to us that no sensible man should hesitate to disbelieve it. To believe it merely because it was in the newspaper would be to believe the President a foolish knave. There were the most random assertions made just after the inauguration as to the President's rules of reform. They were in themselves extremely foolish, and there was no other authority for them than the anonymous assertion of a Washington dispatch. But they were caught up and repeated, and have been constantly repeated since, and made the basis of hostile criticism, the critic apparently never suspecting, or caring to know, that they had no foundation whatever. This story of the assessment of department clerks to pay the expenses of the Ohio election, and all the other statements in connection with it, could be believed only by those who believe the Administration to be not only insincere, but silly. Those who hold that opinion are, of course, beyond argument upon the subject. Those, on the other hand, who are disposed to give the Administration a fair trial, may learn from this report, eagerly repeated and utterly false, not to believe every thing prejudicial to the President and the Administration which they may see in the newspapers.

THE NINETEENTH OF SEPTEMBER.

THE celebration of the battle of Freeman's Farm, the first of the two engagements that compelled the surrender of BURGOYNE, was held on the 19th of September, at Stillwater, and was exceedingly interesting. The assembly of people was very large, and the oration of the Hon. MARTIN I. TOWNSEND, of Troy, was as fervently eloquent as those who know him were sure that it would be; and Mr. JOHN AUSTIN STEVENS, of the New York Historical Society and the *Historical Magazine*, read a concise and graphic narrative of the great events of the campaign. There were apt speeches by Lieutenant-Governor DORSHEIMER and other distinguished guests; and the series of New York centennial celebrations, which began with that at Ticonderoga two years ago last May, and has been continued by those at White Plains, at Kingston, and at Oriskany, has thus been worthily maintained. On the 17th of October the centennial anniversary of BURGOYNE'S surrender will be celebrated at Schuylerville, on the field where the British army laid down their arms, and the corner stone of a monument will be laid.

The surrender was the great event, and the spot is the chief field of the Revolution in the State of New York. The celebration of the 6th of August at Oriskany showed by the vast multitude that gathered on the shores of the Mohawk how deep and strong the neighborhood traditions of the Revolution are. It is, however, none the less true, as some of the orators on that day remarked, that there is hardly an adequate pride in the earlier story of the State. Its imperial extent, indeed, forbids that kind of concentrated interest which is possible in the smaller New England States. But there is not a proper general knowledge even of the events. In other old parts of the country every spot and incident of the Revolution is well known to every citizen, and the community has a common pride in them. But how many New Yorkers beyond the circle of immediate interest and tradition know the story of that fierce fight at Oriskany, and its decisive relation to the campaign of '77? The direct benefit of the centennial celebrations is the honorable local pride which they stimulate and cherish, and which is the more desirable in New York from the very diversity of race in its original settlement. As Mr. STEVENS truly said in his narrative, "The recital of her struggle for liberty and independence through the whole of the eighteenth century yet awaits the pen of some one of her gifted sons."

The discourses of these memorial days will be an important contribution to the material of the historian, and they will di-

rect general attention to a most interesting literature, the contemporary narratives and memoirs which supply the material from which the historian weaves his tale. They have a captivating freshness and picturesqueness of detail, and their graphic touches give a life to the event which the historian is not always able to retain and convey. The journal of Madame Riedesel, for instance, the wife of the German general in Burgoyne's expedition, is most interesting for its simplicity and its observation of the details of the march. She crossed the ocean alone, with an infant and two young children, to join her husband, and she accompanied the brilliant and doomed army upon its march. All the historians quote her with gratitude—the young German wife who in the dense forest of the Upper Hudson was writing for her friends, and telling the story of a great historic event without suspecting it. The centennial celebrations will be a long course of historical study, and Americans will emerge from them more intelligently patriotic.

A REPUBLICAN AUTOCRAT.

Mr. Washburne, our late minister to France, who has recently returned home, and who is very familiar with the political situation of the country in which he has so long lived, stated to a reporter that he thought the moderate and quiet attitude of the French republicans due quite as much to the coercive policy ot the Government as to the perception that it is the true course for the party. This view would explain the extraordinary manifesto of Marshal M'Mahon to the French people. From the point of view of a free popular government the manifesto is merely ludicrous. It has the tone of an absolute ruler. Instead of being the statement of an elected officer to his fellow-citizens, it is the ukase of an autocrat. An election is pending. The marshal is the head of one of the parties and the elected chief of the state. Gambetta had said that when France speaks by a clear majority of voices, those in office who differ from the verdict must either submit or withdraw. It is the simplest axiom of a popular system. But the marshal, denouncing his opponents' doctrines as demagogy, exclaims, "I could not obey the mandates of the demagogues." That is to say, "If the people elect representatives whom I do not like, I shall disregard them." We have only to imagine an American President announcing that if the Congressional elections should go against his party, he should pay no attention to the result. In our case it would mean nothing whatever, or the policy formally announced as a threat would very soon end in impeachment. In France it means logically a *coup d'état*.

Gambetta had declared, in effect, that M'Mahon must yield or resign. M'Mahon retorts, calling himself a soldier, that he will do neither. "I could neither become the instrument of radicalism nor abandon the post in which the Constitution has placed me." So bald an assertion is either an audacious electioneering "brag," or it is a threat based upon the consciousness of power to enforce it. In M'Mahon's case there can be no doubt which it is, and it throws a great deal of light upon the French situation. The marshal feels himself sure of the army, however he may doubt the result of the election, and when he says that he should "remain to defend conservative interests with the support of the Senate," he means that he would adopt the extreme course urged upon him at the time of the dissolution, and dissolve the new Assembly if it should be opposed to him. This, as we have shown, would be technically legal, but it would be essentially unconstitutional and revolutionary. The country having elected an Assembly which represents it, would properly feel that the marshal was really overthrowing the Constitution under its own forms, and it would hardly peacefully submit.

The plea urged by the marshal is that which is always presented under such circumstances. It is that the popular branch of the legislature is trying to monopolize the whole power of the government, and that he is justified in asserting and maintaining the due authority of the other branches, and in defending the executive against usurpation. He distinctly charges that the late Chamber of Deputies "at length forgot the share of authority which belonged to me......and......aimed at nothing less than substituting for the necessary equilibrium of public powers established by the Constitution the despotism of a new convention." This is ingeniously stated, but the marshal would find it difficult to show why, if the people unequivocally approved the action of the Deputies, he should assume that they desired him to oppose it. His defense of the executive prerogative should be, in any case, conducted strictly within the spirit of the Constitution, and the essential postulate of the Constitution is that the people of France are capable of governing themselves; and whatever his abstract opinion upon that point may be, he has accepted the Constitution.

WEAKNESS AND CRIME.

The knavery which assumes an aspect of moral heroism when it is discovered is very much older than Mr. Morton, of Philadelphia, the defaulting railway president. There is nothing singular in his story, however painful it may be. He issued ten thousand unauthorized shares of the stock of his company, and he hoped that he would be able to "make it all right," and save every body from loss. It is mere swindling and theft, and there should be no more hesitation in calling the matter by its true name than in describing the entry of Colonel Hamilton's house as burglary. In a reported interview Mr. Morton remarked that he had the consciousness that he had not made a dollar for himself, and had wished only to help others. This probably means that he was led astray by others. But a man in his position, with his opportunities and responsibilities—a man who knows the immense wrong of forgery, and who yet commits the crime—is infinitely more guilty than the starving laborer who is tempted to arson or highway robbery.

There is a moral offense in Morton's case which is wanting in the other. He destroys confidence in character. He saps the faith which is the foundation of orderly society. His plea of weakness is no extenuation, for nine-tenths of great crime spring from moral weakness. The laws for the punishment of offenses like Morton's are such that it is never certain that any individual will suffer. Here, again, is another moral consequence of such conduct in such positions—that poorer men see great wrongs and great offenders left unpunished. In Mr. Morton's statements there is an air of candor which deepens the odium of the deed itself. "I will do nothing dishonorable," he says, in endeavoring "to straighten things." But what standards of honor and dishonor has he? It is a pitiful but familiar case. The sudden and total fall of a man who has held a place of honor and trust in the community is a public misfortune. The inexpressible shock and anguish which it brings to kindred and friends may well move the deepest and most generous sympathy. But the condemnation of the crime and of the criminal should be unhesitating and unequivocal.

PERSONAL.

M. Thiers was far from impecunious, his estate being valued at $3,200,000, of which $400,000 was made by his history. Nearly all is left to his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached. Some of his books, pictures, and objects of virtu are bequeathed to the state. In a conversation had not long since with a Boston man, Thiers said that Lafayette was a failure, only dangerous to the cause he espoused, and would never have been heard of but for his American episode. He also observed that Talleyrand was the ugliest man he had ever seen.

—Mr. Spurgeon has always been the fortunate recipient of many presents. When he first rose into popularity in London he had so many pairs of slippers sent by the young ladies of his congregation that he announced one Sunday morning that he had as many as would last him all his life. Things are changed now. Mr. Spurgeon's friends, learning that he smokes, send him presents in the shape of cigars. He has got so many boxes that it will not be surprising if he should announce at the Metropolitan Tabernacle some morning that he has got as many cigars as will last him for a generation.

—The Duc d'Aumale, at a recent parade of the garrison of Chaumont, handed the order of Grand Officer of the Legion of Honor to General Jeanningros, saying, "Soldiers: Forty-two years ago Corporal Jeanningros, who, like you, carried his knapsack and musket, received his first wound. Thirty-four years ago I handed to Lieutenant Jeanningros, who was called the Bayard of the Zouaves, the cross as Knight of the Legion of Honor. To-day I hand to General Jeanningros, six times wounded on the field of battle, the star of Grand Officer. This order has never decorated a more valiant heart."

—The Emperor of Russia has conferred upon Mr. Archibald Forbes the order of St. George, which is the highest military distinction in that country. During the Franco-German war the Emperor of Germany conferred upon him the Iron Cross.

—The death of Senator Bogy, of Missouri, leaves but two Roman Catholics in the United States Senate—Mr. Kernan, of New York, and Mr. Spencer, of Alabama.

—E. P. Whipple, in his memoir of the Rev. Thomas Starr King, says that on one occasion when he was addressing an audience in San Francisco which filled the building and reached to the sidewalk, a rough miner on the extreme edge of the crowd, who was listening with delight, said to his companion, "I say, Jim, stand on your toes and get a sight of him. Why, the boy is taking every trick!"

—Mr. Frederick de Funiak, of the Engineering Department of the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, is a brother of Ali Pasha, one of the conspicuous Turkish generals, whose real name is Alfred de Funiak. Alfred was born in Rome, and is now forty-two years of age. He went first to Turkey in 1854 as first lieutenant of engineers in the French army. He was engaged in the Crimean war, and has spent a great portion of his life in Asia. He made a general campaign with Omar Pasha, and gradually advanced to the rank of brigadier-general. He entered the Turkish service in 1855. The Turkish army was then remodeled on a French footing, and Lieutenant De Funiak's services were called into requisition. He was wounded a short time ago in an engagement with the Russians. He has command just now of a brigade of Circassians.

—Our readers will be gratified to learn that a new story by Miss Thackeray will begin in the December number of *Harper's Magazine*. It is now more than a year since any thing from her pen has appeared. Her complete restoration to health, after a long illness, is marked by this return to a field in which she has won thousands of friends and admirers.

—M. Thiers was buried in the Allée des Acacias at the Père la Chaise Cemetery. This truly lovely place was for many years the resort of Sir Sydney Smith. Another old gentleman who was in the habit of repairing there almost daily for the purpose of enjoying quietly his newspaper, or gazing from time to time on the splendid view, used to say that was "the gayest corner in Paris."

—The early career of "Mark Twain" as a statesman is thus concisely and accurately told in a recent criticism of his *Roughing It* published in the Tiflis (Russia) *Messenger*: "Mr. Twain entered the Federal Congress as a Representative from one of the Western States, after he had lost most of his property by investing in steamboats and mining stocks. One of his finest steamers blew up through the carelessness of a drunken engineer, while the mines, like most Western speculations, failed, principally for the want of drainage and proper machinery to extract the gold."

—Chief Joseph is tall, finely built, with a thoughtful, intelligent face, and is forty-five years old. His slightest wish is law. His son, as brave as himself, is about twenty, and his father's chief aid in the field.

—Mr. Wilbur F. Storey, editor of the Chicago *Times*, has the reputation throughout the West of being one of the most outspoken men in the profession. Recently on reaching his office he found an angry man waiting for him, who, as he stepped from the elevator, called his attention to a particular item in the *Times*, and said, sternly, "I will give you just five minutes to retract that article." The editor perused it deliberately, handed it back, and said, "I will give you just five minutes to get out of this building." He receded from the edifice.

—Captain Julius D. Rhodes, who is to dive from the new Suspension-Bridge at Niagara, a height of 194 feet, is a native of Springville, Erie County, New York. He has made sixty-nine high leaps, dives for glory, and finds no trouble in inflating and emptying his lungs or speaking during a trip in the air, and can guide himself with his legs. He says the sensation when falling is indescribable.

—A gentleman, in alluding to the recent death of Mr. Cranston, of the New York Hotel, says that the first establishment to win fame in this city was the City Hotel, in Broadway, between Thames and Cedar streets. For fifty years it was the fashionable resort. In that hotel the first meeting of the American Bible Society was held; and there, too, was held that conference between Messrs. Weed, Seward, and Greeley which resulted in establishing the *Log-Cabin*, the most effective campaign paper ever published.

—The famous Rothschild wedding has finally been solemnized. Baron Edmund has married his cousin Adele, of the German branch, and commences to rough it on $20,000,000. The bride's mother, the Baroness William, is the author of several songs that, thanks to Patti's singing them, have attained a little popularity.

—Thomas U. Dudley, Assistant Protestant Episcopal Bishop of Kentucky, and an ex-Confederate soldier, was one of those who marched in the ranks of the ex-Confederates who welcomed President Hayes to Louisville. In a meeting to organize the ex-Confederates for the reception, the bishop said that the President "had commended himself to the respect of all good citizens by his manly firmness in honestly adhering to the very letter of his promises."

—The autograph-seeker appears at Carlsbad in the form of the hotel-keeper, whose head waiter asks every guest to favor the house with a signature. Recently Baron Rothschild modestly inscribed himself "R. de Paris." Baron Oppenheim happened to follow, and finding the abbreviation to his taste, wrote himself down "O. de Cologne."

—Mr. Perkins, of Barnard, Vermont, is the delighted owner of a geranium in his garden which has borne more than thirteen thousand blossoms this season.

—Nathan Minard, of Salem, Connecticut, is one of those unattractive men who are always thinking of themselves. He is so much of a miser that he has had his well-made and well-seasoned coffin in his room for twenty years, and has dug his own grave to save expense.

—In the Blue-Book of Great Britain for the current year, just published, is given the annual allowance paid to the Queen and each of the members of the royal family. Her Majesty (including, of course, her civil list, the salaries and expenses of the royal household, etc.) received £406,709 19s. 6*d*.; the Prince of Wales, £40,000; the Duke of Edinburgh, £25,000; the Duke of Connaught and Prince Leopold, each £15,000; the Princess of Wales, £10,000; the Duke of Cambridge, £12,000; the Crown Princess of Prussia, £8000; the Princess Alice, Princess Helena, Princess Louise, and the Duchess of Cambridge, each £6000; the Princess Mary of Teck, £5000; the Princess Augusta, Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, £3000. Turning to the diplomatic pensions, on page 42, we find that Lord Stratford de Redcliffe enjoys an allowance of £1786; Lord Cowley and Lord Napier, each £1700; Sir George Hamilton Seymour and Sir James Hudson, each £1300; while eight or ten other gentlemen are rewarded at about half that figure. The chief pensioners for their own services are the following: Lord Chancellors—each at £5000—Lord Chelmsford, Lord Hatherley, and Lord Selborne; Sir William Erle, £3750; and Sir Samuel Martin, Sir John Byles, Sir Henry Keating, Lord Penzance, and Sir Richard Kindersley, each figure at £3500. Lord Eversley, as ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, is down for a pension of £4000; while three ex-cabinet ministers, Sir George Grey, Mr. Spencer Walpole, and Mr. Thomas Milner Gibson, have each £2000. The Lord Chancellor receives £10,000 a year.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The New York Republican State Convention met at Rochester on the 26th ult. Thomas C. Platt was appointed temporary chairman. Senator Conkling was chosen permanent chairman, but he declined, and moved that Mr. Platt be substituted. The motion was carried. Four of the resolutions adopted in the platform are as follows:

"*First*—The office of government is to conserve order, peace, and safety, and to protect every citizen in the enjoyment of every right implied by the Constitution and the laws. Unity and fraternal relations in all States and sections, and between all States and sections, is of the first and highest importance, and the Republican party of New York will heartily support every measure, authorized by law, adapted to establishing and maintaining commercial and industrial prosperity and tranquillity, justice and obedience to lawful authority. The Constitution ordains that 'the United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a republican form of government.' The only republican government known to the constitution of any American State is a government chosen by the people. The question whether a case has arisen requiring the President to employ military force to protect lawful State authority against domestic violence is, by the Constitution, committed to his decision and to his responsibility. Taking no issue with any decision of this kind which has been made by the national Executive in respect to the employment of troops, and expressing no opinion in regard to the methods and attendant proceedings employed in any instance, we cherish the hope that the action taken in relation to the Southern States will result in peace, tranquillity, and justice, and no act of the Republicans of New York, conducive to its good effects, shall be withheld.

"*Second*—We insist on purity, frugality, and efficiency in every branch of the public service, national and State. To that end we hold these requirements practical and just: 1. No needless office or officer or public agent should exist. 2. Compensation for official service should be fair and just, but in no case excessive. 3. Fit men, and no others, should hold public trusts. 4. Every official, high or low, should be required at all times faithfully to perform his duty, and the whole of it. 5. No official or office-holder should be subject to political or partisan assessments, or to interference in any way with his political rights or action, and plain laws should forbid and punish all attempts to make or enforce such assessments, or to control or to abridge, in any respect, the absolute freedom in political action which in this country belongs to all voters alike. In connection with this subject, we recur with satisfaction to that portion of the letter of acceptance of Mr. Hayes's wherein he declares that the founders of our government meant that the officer should be secure in his tenure as long as his personal character remained untarnished and the performance of his duty satisfactory. In furtherance of this view, we commend as worthy of consideration legislation making officers secure in a limited fixed tenure, and subject to removal only as officers under State laws are removable in this State, on charges to be regularly and openly preferred and adjudged."

The third clause of the platform deprecated all attempts by employers representing either capital or political power to encroach upon or coerce others in the enjoyment of the rights or the exercise of the duties of citizenship.

"*Fourth*—In the State of New York the whole number of national office-holders, including clerks and subordinates of every degree, is 7465. This is one national official or subordinate to 152 votes. Of State, county, and town officials there are in this State 133,513. This is one State, county, or town official to every 8½ voters. When the potential functions of local officers are taken into account, their nearness to the citizen, and their power over his property, taxes, and interest, their relative influence becomes even greater than the numbers indicate. The exclusion of public servants from political action would disfranchise a great body of our fellow-citizens. The laws make no such exclusion, and we deny, as an imputation upon the people of New York, that they are or have been dominated by the nation's subordinate officials; and we can conceive of no condition of affairs, short of the extinction of manhood and patriotism, in which a postmaster or a clerk could subdue to his partisan will 152 other electors, or exert any other influence beyond such as his character might give him.

"*Fifth*—Public faith, honest industry, and the general prosperity demand a sound currency of coin and paper convertible into coin, and the already near approach of specie payments enforces the wisdom and duty of faithfully pursuing the necessary steps to full resumption within the time now fixed by law."

George William Curtis offered the following substitute to the second clause of the platform:

"The lawful title of Rutherford B. Hayes to the Presidency is as clear and perfect as that of George Washington. We gladly recognize his eminent patriotism, proved in the field and in civil life. We heartily commend his efforts in the permanent pacification of the Southern section of the Union, and for the correction of the evils and abuses in the civil service as strictly conformed to his own pledges and to the declarations of the convention that nominated him, and as tending to the promotion of the public welfare. Recognizing that the work is but begun, we shall hail with satisfaction its prompt and vigorous prosecution, in which the President may confidently rely upon the cordial support of the country." The substitute was rejected by a vote of 295 nays to 109 yeas.

The next day the nominations were made, as follows: Secretary of State, John C. Churchill, of Oswego; Comptroller, Francis Sylvester, of Columbia; State Treasurer, William L. Bostwick, of Tompkins; Attorney-General, Grenville H. Tremain, of Albany; State Engineer, Howard Soule, Jun., of Onondaga.

The New Jersey State Republican Convention met at Trenton, on the 25th ult., and nominated Hon. William A. Newell for Governor.

The Wisconsin Democratic State Convention met at Fond du Lac, on the 26th ult., and nominated, for Governor, James Mallory; Lieutenant-Governor, R. E. Davis; Secretary of State, James B. Hayes; State Treasurer, John Ringle. The Convention demanded the remonetization of silver and the repeal of the Resumption Act.

The Maryland Democratic State Convention, at Baltimore, on the 27th ult., nominated J. Keating for Comptroller.

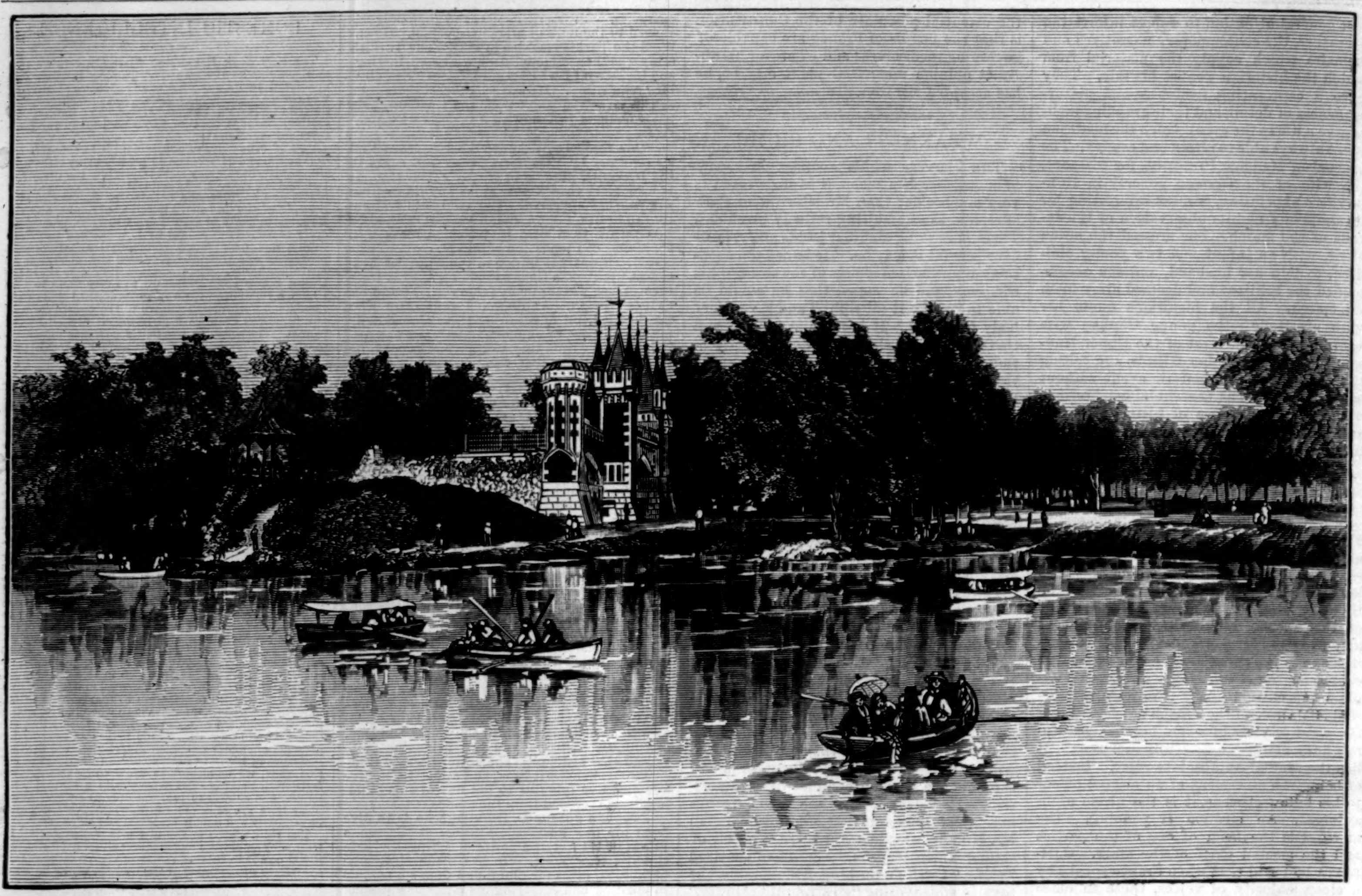
The Minnesota Republicans, on the 27th ult., renominated the present State officers.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Eastern War: An important piece of news came on the 28th ult., confirming the report of the relief of Plevna by the Turks. A Russian official dispatch says: "On the 22d inst. about 10,000 Turkish infantry from Sofia, supported by artillery, forced their way through our cavalry, posted to intercept them, and entered Plevna. Further details are wanting." The Roumanians have failed in their attempt to capture the second Grivitza redoubt, after having sapped close up to it. They displayed great gallantry, and suffered severely.—Vienna papers announce that in consequence of a large concentration of Russian troops, and the difficulty of obtaining supplies on account of bad weather, Mehemet Ali, on the 24th ult., began retreating to his former positions on the Kara Lom.—The Montenegrins have taken the important Turkish position of Goransko, and more than one-third of Herzegovina is in their hands. At Goransko they took 300 regulars prisoners, and captured three cannon and 500 rifles. They burned Birek and the surrounding villages.

M. Gambetta had a second trial, on the 22d ult., on appeal from his previous sentence of three months' imprisonment and 2000 francs fine, his counsel arguing that the tribunal was incompetent. The court rejected the plea, and confirmed the sentence.

M. Leverrier, the celebrated astronomer, died in Paris on the 23d ult., aged sixty-seven years.



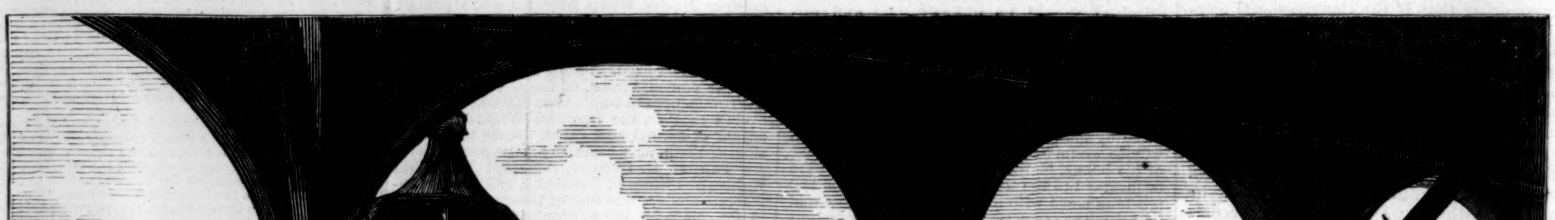
VIEW OF THE LAKE AND BEAR-HOUSE, ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

THE ST. LOUIS FAIR.

The seventeenth annual fair at St. Louis, which opened on the 10th of September, was very creditable to the management, and interesting as an exhibition of the industries of the city and the State. The fair grounds comprised eighty-three acres within the city limits, and the various department buildings were so distributed over this large area as to produce a very pleasant effect.

The St. Louis Agricultural and Mechanical Association, under the auspices of which the annual fair is held, was incorporated in 1856. Its exhibitions have been uniformly excellent, and therefore successful. From the start the association adopted the wise policy of paying no dividends, all the profits arising from the annual fairs being invested in premiums and the permanent improvement of the grounds.

All the departments of the fair were well arranged, and the display was unusually interesting in variety and merit. The mechanical exhibition was excellent, and nearly double in the number of entries to that of last year. There was also a very interesting archæological display, consisting of nearly two thousand entries, and comprising many remains of ancient pottery discovered in Missouri and Tennessee.



THE ARENA, WITH MECHANICAL HALL IN THE DISTANCE.

THE GREAT FAIR AT ST. LOUIS.—[Photographed by R. Benecke.]

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY.

"On the southerly corner of Fulton and Nassau streets, in the city of New York," says William Swinton in his interesting *History of the Seventh Regiment*, "there stood, half a century ago, the famous Stoneall's 'Shakspeare Tavern.' To that favorite hostelry, as a birth-place, can be traced more than one of the institutions and societies now flourishing in the New York of our day; and thither we must go back some two-score years for the origin of the 'Seventh Regiment New York State National Guard.'"

The name originated in this way. In 1824 there existed what was called the "Eleventh Regiment of New York State Artillery," consisting, like most of the militia regiments of that day, of two battalions, one artillery, the other infantry. It so happened that on the 16th of August, 1824, during a halt in the militia parade Guards. Meanwhile the members had not been idle. The drills were kept up with marked regularity. On the 30th of August, 1824, the famous gray uniform was adopted. "Its design," says Swinton, "was taken from the neatly fitting single-breasted gray office coat of Philetus H. Holt (then a private in the Fourth Company), which attracted the attention of Captain Prosper M. Wetmore, Acting Brigade Major, and Major John D. Wilson, as a suitable model for the new uniform." The well-known coat of arms and motto were also designed and adopted at this time.

The order separating the infantry battalion from the Eleventh Regiment of Artillery directed its consolidation with the infantry companies of the Second Regiment. The arrangement led to serious dissensions, and at length the corps was detached and organized into a separate battalion. But one company was wanting to raise it to the dignity of a regiment. The requisite number of lic order, as at the execution of James Reynolds in 1825, the "Election" and "Abolition" riots in 1834, the "Stevedore" riot in 1836, the "Flour" riot in 1837, the "Croton Water" riot in 1840, the "Astor Place" riot in 1849, the "Police" and "Dead Rabbit" riots in 1857, the "Draft" riot in 1863, the "Twelfth of July" riot in 1871, and the railroad disturbances in the summer of this year. Its services have also been frequently called into requisition on important civic occasions, such as the reception of distinguished visitors to the city, State and national funerals, etc. The memory of its achievements during the war for the Union will always be cherished by a grateful people. In 1861 it was the first regiment from the State of New York, and the first fully armed and equipped regiment in the United States, to volunteer and march to the defense of the national Capitol, and the first regiment to reach Washington, then in imminent danger. It was publicly honored by President Lincoln, General Scott, and other dis- their valor and patriotism. Many of them won high military rank upon the field of battle, and sixty of their number sealed their devotion to the country with their lives.

For many years past the Seventh has found its armory at Tompkins Market too contracted for efficient drill, as well as inconveniently situated for a majority of its members. As the result of a movement commenced several years ago, the block bounded by Sixty-sixth and Sixty-seventh streets and by Fourth and Lexington avenues was selected in 1873 as the site for the new armory. The Legislature of 1874 authorized the Commissioners of the Sinking Fund to lease this plot to the field-officers of the regiment for this purpose.

Legal obstacles having been raised to the expenditure of public money for the erection of the new armory, the regiment resolved to raise the necessary amount by subscription. Up to this time the sum raised is nearly $84,000, of which the regiment has subscribed over $42,000, and

THE NEW SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY.—[From the Architect's Drawings.]

in honor of the illustrious Lafayette, a number of the officers of the Eleventh Regiment were conversing on a project which had long engaged their attention, namely, the independent organization of the infantry battalion. Much difficulty had been experienced regarding the choice of a name. On this occasion reference was made by some one present to Lafayette's connection with the Paris National Guard, when Major John D. Wilson asked why "National Guards" would not be a suitable name for the proposed corps. The suggestion was well received, and at a meeting of officers held in the "Shakspeare Tavern" on the 25th of August, a resolution was adopted to the effect that the said battalion "be hereafter known and distinguished by the name of National Guards." For many years this was exclusively the designation of the Seventh Regiment. After various delays an order was issued, on the 27th of June, 1825, by Governor De Witt Clinton, instituting the battalion of the National men were secured, and on the 6th of May, 1826, an order was issued organizing the battalion into a regiment to be named the "Twenty-seventh Regiment of Artillery." Until 1847 the "National Guards" bore this designation. On the 27th of July in that year Governor Young ordered the "Twenty-seventh Regiment of Artillery, under the command of Colonel Bremner, to be hereafter called and known as the Seventh Regiment New York State Militia." In 1862 the Legislature gave the designation of National Guard, which up to that time had belonged exclusively to the Seventh, to all the militia of the State.

The record of the Seventh Regiment since its organization thus extends over half a century. During that time it has been called upon to perform important service on many trying occasions, and in every instance it has acquitted itself with high honor. It has often been called out by the municipal authorities to assist in preserving pub- tinguished officers, for its services in securing the safety of the national government, its capital, and its archives; and having faithfully served the country for a longer period than was required by the terms of its enlistment, it was discharged with the highest honors in special orders. In 1862 it again volunteered, when the government and its capital were in imminent peril, and served for a period of more than three months, until honorably discharged. In 1863 it again volunteered, and served to the entire satisfaction of the War Department, until it was ordered to return to New York to aid in the suppression of the great riots, and performed a long term of most onerous and fatiguing guard duty in aiding the constituted authorities in the maintenance of public order during that year.

During the war for the Union the Seventh furnished from its ranks over six hundred officers to the regular and volunteer army and navy of the United States, who were distinguished for the Veterans over $20,000. The original estimate of the cost of the new armory was $400,000, but the great decline in the prices of material and labor will enable the building committee to complete the structure for less than $300,000. Thus about $200,000 more will be required to accomplish this object. It is to be hoped that the citizens of New York will respond generously to the appeal for subscriptions.

We copy from the *National Guardsman* the following clear description of the internal arrangements of the building:

"The new armory will occupy the whole block (400 by 200 feet), and the main drill-room on the ground-floor will be in size 200 by 300 feet. This room will be free from pillars and posts, the roof being supported by eleven wrought-iron arches somewhat similar to those of the Grand Central Dépôt, and it will be the largest and finest room of the kind in the country. The ground plan shows the entrance and main building fronting on Fourth Avenue, and in the rear the large regimental drill-room. In front of the main drill-room, connecting with it, and facing upon Fourth

Avenue, is the administration building (three stories and basement), which covers the remainder of the plot, 200 by 100 feet. This building, as well as the large drill-room, is constructed of brick, with granite foundations and trimmings. The façade on Fourth Avenue will have a central tower 160 feet in height, and the front will be relieved by pavilions on either side of the central tower, with turrets at the corners on Fourth Avenue. The basement of the administration building will be occupied by heating and ventilating apparatus, and for storage purposes. In the basement, on the southerly side, is the rifle range, which will extend under the main drill-room, and will be 400 feet in length. It will be fitted up with all modern facilities and appliances for rifle practice, and is expected to be perfect in every particular. On the first floor of the administration building a wide hall leads from the entrance on Fourth Avenue to the large drill-room. On the left of the entrance hall will be the library and reading-room, 24 by 37 feet, adjoining which is the room of the Veteran Association. Corresponding with these rooms on the right side of the hall will be a reception-room, 24 by 37 feet, and the Board of Officers room, 46 by 37 feet. In the rear on this floor will be the colonel's head-quarters, 24 by 37 feet, a room for the field and staff of the same dimensions, two large squad drill-rooms, 34 by 37 feet, a room for the armorer, 18 by 37 feet, and a storage-room of the same dimensions.

"The second story will be reached by the grand stairway, which has a central and two side flights, the central flight being thirteen feet in width and the side flights each ten feet. This story contains the ten company rooms, which are considerably larger than the company rooms at Tompkins Market, besides two large squad drill-rooms, a room for the adjutant, and a room for the non-commissioned staff.

"On the west side of the third story there will be a gymnasium, 72 by 38 feet, another room of the same size for instruction in the elementary principles of rifle practice, the instruction of band and drum corps, etc., and another large room for the corps of cadets, which corps it is proposed to organize as soon as the new armory is occupied, and which is designed to afford military instruction to young men between the ages of fifteen and eighteen years, preparatory to their enlisting in the regiment. In the rear of rooms above described on the third floor are two squad drill-rooms, rooms for the band and drum corps, and rooms for hospital and culinary purposes, to be used only in case the regiment is confined to the armory, as in July last, when called upon to protect the public peace.

"The defense of the new armory against an attack from a mob has received due attention by the architect. At every angle there are loop-holes for riflemen, enfilading all approaches, and twenty sharp-shooters would keep all enemies at a respectful distance. The windows will be protected by steel rolling shutters, loop-holed."

Thursday, October 4, has been selected for the laying of the corner-stone of the new structure.

A GOOD LITTLE SAMARITAN.

Miss Betty Van Dyke had curled herself up in the corner of the capacious window-sill in her mother's kitchen to watch Fifine flute the flounces of her India muslin. Miss Betty was as pretty and fresh as a rose; her eyes were of heaven's own blue, her hair like threads of gold, her cheeks "like a Catherine pear, the side that's next the sun." Fifine was nothing more than a bundle of old bones wrapped in a piece of parchment; she was a native of Lorraine, and had lately married an Englishman, familiarly known as "George," whom she had loved for many a year.

Miss Betty was romantic, and it so delighted her when George at last yielded to the idolatry of poor Fifine, that she coaxed her father into leasing a bit of scrubby woodland, with a tumble-down house upon it, to George, so that he could have a garden and potato patch, and raise some chickens, and take nice care of poor Fifine. Miss Betty even condescended to go to them during the house-finishing and the honey-moon, and assist Fifine in her little domestic furbishing and adorning, and advise George in relation to his garden, his potato patch, his chickens, and wood-splitting.

But, truth to say, George had so studied the character and attributes of the noble Indian that he modeled his life upon it, so far as resigning all domestic duties to poor Fifine. He gave over to his spouse the entire supervision of the garden, potato patch, chicken-raising, and even the wood-splitting. He was of a dreamy nature, and would sit for hours on a rude bench he had placed near the water, and there he would smoke and meditate until Fifine had tidied up the house, and fed the chickens, and hoed the potatoes, and washed a couple of dozen pieces for one of her patrons, and split some wood, and got dinner upon the table; then George would come in and eat dinner with Fifine, and tell her of all he had been thinking about while sitting there upon the bench under the trees.

Fifine was very happy. She knew that George was superior to her in mind, but he had told her time and again that it was right he should be her superior, and he loved her all the better for it.

But Miss Betty had her misgivings, and one day, when she was curled up like a lovely kitten upon the window-sill, she said to Fifine, "What does George do, Fifine, toward the support of the household? It seems to me that you are always slaving and toiling. What does George do?"

Then Fifine shrugged her shoulders, which had become somewhat crooked and bulgy from the heavy burdens they had borne all these years, and elevated her eyebrows, which were rather scraggy and gray, and said, with a world of feeling in her voice, "What does he do, my angel? He gives to me the happiness which is my all; he gives to me the conversation which is beautiful; he tells me of what is going on in the big busy world; he pities, he consoles—ah, my little one, he *loves* me!"

Miss Betty blushed and was silent, and thought, foolish child, that, after all, this was every thing. She left Fifine to iron the tucks and furbelows with which Mrs. Van Dyke delighted to adorn her daughter Betty, and went out under the grape-vine, and walked to and fro, and thought that if somebody—and here she trembled and blushed at the thought of his name—if he would read to her again, would talk to her again, would tell her of the big beautiful world once more, if he would love her—ah, what would she not be glad to give in return! She would work for him—ay, she would work her slim fingers to the bone, only, of course, he wouldn't let her: he was too noble and generous and thoughtful. But if the necessity should arise, how glad she would be to do even like poor Fifine, if only he would love her in return!

But, alas! the superiority of mankind was here also pre-eminent. He was the new minister, the Rev. Reginald Roake. The consistory had thought it best to get a young man, so that he could board around among the parishioners, and thus save the rent of a parsonage. Captain Van Dyke, Miss Betty's father, had thought it best to economize in every way that they could, and had even taken the young man to board at first. He told his wife they'd scarcely miss what the parson ate, and the church must be helped along as much as was prudent and possible.

But the captain, after a few months, suddenly changed his mind. The young minister was very fertile in imagination and quick in thought; his sermons were speedily prepared, and the long summer days had so many sweet, rich hours to fill! Miss Betty's duties were also light; her mother was still active and robust; there were two sturdy young women in the kitchen, besides the occasional artistic work of Fifine. The captain's sight was keen and strong; when he was out sailing in the bay he could see a couple of figures bending together over some book in the summer-house, or wandering among the rocks or along the sands upon the shore. The captain would come home hot and vexed, and take his wife to task for this misdoing.

"I don't want any beggarly parsons hanging around my daughter," said the captain.

The good lady would look very much shocked, and really tremble in her heart at the captain's temerity, for she thought it was almost tempting Providence to cast a contemptuous word upon the clergy; but she had that wholesome fear of the captain that she never ventured to remonstrate with him. She sighed in secret with her daughter when the captain managed to transfer the preacher to the care of a wealthy and comely widow in the neighborhood.

"He can poach all he pleases in that domain," said the captain; and shortly after, he was delighted to see the reverend gentleman riding out with the fair widow, and gathering grasses and ferns in the pretty woodland haunts about Granville.

"We can't keep a parson single," chuckled the captain at his dinner table: "the women won't let him alone, do what we may. But the widow Benson owns her own house, and that will save rent for a parsonage."

The morsel upon Miss Betty's fork remained untasted, and the captain in this way spoiled many a meal for his daughter.

And so the summer waned, and September was at hand—September with her soft blue haze and rich warm sunshine; and though the widow had a brilliant garden of her own, she was fond of the wanton wild flowers that grew so luxuriously in the woods of Granville. She and the young minister filled the house with great clusters of golden-rods and asters and big purple poke-berries. One day the pony-phaeton stopped before the door of Captain Van Dyke, and the widow was led into the sitting-room, where she found Miss Betty almost hidden by a mosquito netting which she was busily patching.

"Come, child," said the widow, "put away that rag, and run get a pretty dress on. I've promised myself this many a day we should take this drive together, and I declare to you it shall be the rarest one you ever had in your life. The day is made richly to order for it: the balmiest air, the goldenest sunshine—not a cloud in the sky! Run away, and make yourself look as pretty as you can."

"You are very kind," said Miss Betty, with a little trip of cold jealousy on her tongue; "but I must mend this netting for poor Fifine. She is sick with a fever, and the mosquitoes are dreadful down there in the wood. Mamma says I may have this netting if I can make it do; it is so badly torn," said poor Betty, "and so perplexing! But I could not sleep, Mrs. Benson," she added, with an air of gentle dignity, in which there was also a slight sniff of reproach—"I could not sleep in my own bed of luxury, and know that poor Fifine was languishing there, a prey to fever and mosquitoes."

If the widow had thereupon offered to drive to town with Miss Betty and buy for Fifine a brand-new canopy, Miss Betty would have put the old netting aside; but she was at heart very glad that the fine lady offered no such sacrifice to charity, for she could not bear to find her altogether perfect.

"Ten chances to one, my dear," said the widow, "you'll have your labor for your pains. These poor creatures are very superstitious and queer, and don't know what is best for them. I've no doubt, in any case, she has pretended to be sick to get rid of some clear-starching for your good mother. Fifine would rather work at home, so that she can be with that lubberly lout of a husband of hers. She is the finest and best of laundresses, and sorry should I be to have any thing befall her; but you must not believe all that these wily Frenchwomen say."

The color mantled high in Miss Betty's cheeks as these slanders fell upon her ears, and she steadily refused to put her work aside.

"You are a little goose," said the widow at length. "Must I tell you, then, that we shall have some charming company with us? We are to stop at my house for Mr. Roake—there, now, Miss Betty, run away and dress."

The color fled from Miss Betty's cheeks, and the needle trembled in her fingers. As she raised her blue eyes to the fine black ones of the widow, a tear or two trembled within them.

"You are welcome to your charming company," she said. "I will go on with my work for poor Fifine."

The widow laughed lightly and went away, leaving poor Miss Betty to struggle on with her troublesome task, which was more and more irksome now that she knew how some other people were spending their afternoon. As rent after rent yawned before her, and her weary little fingers grew less and less nimble, more than once the question arose within her whether it was better to go on. Since nobody cared for her, why should she care for any body? But her generous heart conquered all these bitter temptations, and nearly at night-fall she ran up stairs to slip on the pretty muslin robe, all smoothed and crimped by the art and industry of poor Fifine. The netting was not a heavy burden, but she carried also a kettle of ice with her and a pot of jelly. She took the road through the woods, and though it was growing darker, and her heart beat rapidly, and she could not brush the mosquitoes away because her hands were so full, yet she was upheld by the thought of rescuing poor Fifine. Since she could not save her from the stings of slander and reproach, she should at least be free from those of mosquitoes.

At last through the trees she could see the chicken-coops of Fifine, and soon she was at the poor woman's bedside. The heart of Miss Betty was fired with indignation when she remembered the cruel words of the widow. Fifine lay upon a rude bed in the corner. Always thin and brown, she might now have been taken for an exhumed Queen of Egypt, and Miss Betty could not imagine how all these mosquitoes could find it in their anatomy to prey upon poor Fifine when the fat and unctuous substance of George was temptingly at hand upon the bench outside, where he was enjoying his evening pipe. Miss Betty stooped over the sick woman, and said, softly, "I have brought you some ice, dear Fifine."

"Ah, my angel! my angel of light!" said Fifine, "thou hast of hearts the most merciful; but, alas! I can not have the ice. I am too cold already, my little one. There is a cold hand at my heart. No, no; I can not have the ice."

"Very well, Fifine," said Miss Betty, putting down the kettle which had been such a nuisance to her, "you shall not be troubled with the ice; but here is some jelly."

"Ah, my blessed one!" cried Fifine, "thou art like a saint from heaven; but talk not to me of jelly. They have given me of jelly many years ago, after some bitter medicine, and I have since that time no hunger for jelly. Ah, my rose of the wildwood! it makes me sick to think of it."

"Then do not think of it, Fifine," said Miss Betty, putting aside the jar, that had grown heavier and heavier at every step of the journey. "But these dreadful mosquitoes, they are devouring you."

"Ah, yes, my adored one, they are demons without mercy; they have drawn all the blood from my body, and their dreadful song is madness to my brain. But rest tranquil; death will soon put an end to my misery."

"But see here, my poor Fifine," cried Miss Betty, exultingly unrolling her precious net; "now you can sleep in peace. We will spread this over you, George and I, and not one of the monsters can reach you. See, my poor Fifine, we will draw this over you—so;" and suiting the action to the word, Miss Betty pulled the net over the high post of the bedstead, when suddenly a terrified look upon the sick woman's face stayed her hands, and she cried out to Fifine, in dismay, "Don't you want the net over you, Fifine?"

"Ah, life of my life!" said Fifine, "it is sad, it is terrible! I know not how to deny thee, after all thou hast done for me; but, oh, my little one, I can not have it over me. I have tried, for thy dear sake, to bear it. I told myself that I would say no word against it—at least till thou wert gone, when George could pull it away—but I can not even for one little moment. Ah, my angel, wait until I am dead, and then they can draw over me the pall, and put candles at my head and feet, and do with me what they will; but while I am yet alive I can not be treated like a dead body."

Miss Betty said no further word of entreaty or remonstrance, but let the miserable flimsy thing fall out of her hands upon the floor; and having smoothed Fifine's pillow, and held some milk to her lips, and promised to come again in the morning, Miss Betty took the woodland road home again.

It was now quite dark, and big shadows seemed to threaten every step of her way. Her heart was heavy within her, and her poor little feet seemed scarcely able to carry even her light weight along. What a wretched, abortive attempt had been hers to alleviate the misery of poor Fifine! It was as the beautiful widow had said, she had had her labor for her pains—the beautiful, mocking widow, who was no doubt riding home through the gloaming with the Rev. Reginald Roake.

At that very moment Miss Betty heard the tramping of hoofs behind her, and stepped aside to let the light-limbed pony of the widow pass by. The basket sides of the phaeton were filled with wild flowers, and the white hands of the minister held a bunch of shy, sweet forget-me-nots as blue as Miss Betty's eyes.

The widow drew up her pony, and bade Miss Betty get in by her side, lest the hobgoblins of the wood should devour her; but the young girl stoutly refused, nor would she be coaxed from her decision.

"I am not afraid of hobgoblins," she said, thinking in her heart there could be none so greedy and rapacious as the beautiful widow herself.

"Now what is to be done with this obstinate child?" said the widow. The minister had long since leaped from the wagon and approached Miss Betty; but she turned her back upon him, perhaps to hide the tears of wretchedness which were falling out of her eyes.

"Pick her up and put her in here by me," said the widow. "I am myself a little afraid of the satyrs of the wood. Come, child; do not be a goose and get jealous of your grandmother. The gentleman there has gathered a pretty nosegay of forget-me-nots for you that were left over from spring. We have been looking for you far and wide, and he has done nothing but talk to me of his love for you till I am sick of the refrain."

Betty turned a swift, melting glance behind her. In a twinkling the minister had lifted her to the widow's side, and forgot to take his arm away. It was quite dark, and the only star that shone in the sky was that of Venus. They drove rapidly on, Miss Betty's heart thumping in unison with the hoofs of the pony.

"I told you," said the widow, "you'd have your labor for your pains. We stopped at Fifine's. The poor creature was full of adoration for you. She called upon every saint in the calendar to shower blessings upon your head. She said that you had brought her some beautiful ice and some delicious jelly, and a net that was most wonderful."

"But she refused them all," said Miss Betty.

"Ah, yes," replied the widow; "but George did not refuse them. He had chopped up the ice in his milk, and had spread all the jelly upon his bread, and had wrapped himself up in the mosquito netting and lay upon the lounge when we entered, snoring, as Fifine said, like an angel. Fifine was parched with fever and devoured with mosquitoes, but she declared to me that she was quite comfortable and happy. I do not understand it."

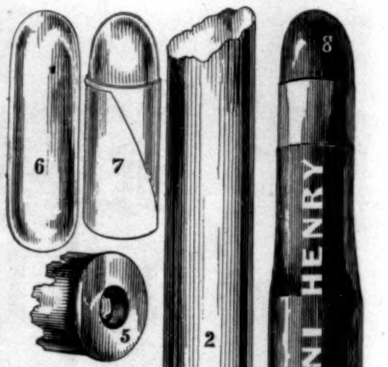
But Miss Betty did. She nestled closer to the arm about her, and lifted her flushed and radiant face to the one above her own.

"My sweet little Samaritan!" he whispered; and although the widow could not understand the happiness of Fifine, it was quite clear to the heart of Miss Betty.

MAKING CARTRIDGES.

The war now raging in the Orient has given a new impetus to the manufacture of rifles, cartridges, and other war material in this country. Both parties to the great struggle between the Crescent and the Cross turn to America for a large proportion of the arms and ammunition supplied to their respective armies, and our manufacturers send impartially to Muscovite and Moslem the means to slaughter each other.

Our first-page illustration shows a room in one of the buildings of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company, at Bridgeport, Connecticut. This company, and the Winchester Repeating Arms Company, at New Haven, are at present filling large orders for the Turks and the Russians, and a brief account of the process of manufacture will be of interest. The two companies together turn out over two million cartridges daily, consuming in the process more than sixty tons of lead and from five to six tons of powder. Various brass companies in Connecticut are kept fully employed in supplying the thimble-shaped cups from which the cartridge shell is gradually drawn out.



1. Cup. 2. Drawn Shell. 3. Re-enforce. 4. Primer. 5. Base of Shell, showing Cup for Primer. 6. Slug. 7. Patched Bullet. 8. Finished Cartridge.

This cup, of which we give a cut, is the foundation of the shell. It goes through four distinct drawings in ingeniously constructed machines before reaching its final shape. After each drawing it has to be softened to facilitate its passage through the following process. From a height of about half an inch, this cup is gradually drawn out to a thin shell a little more than three inches in length and about half the original diameter. It then passes through a cutting-machine, which cuts all the shells exactly the same length, without the variation of a hair-breadth. The shell then goes through the heading-machine, where the closed end is flattened, rimmed, and indented for the reception of the primer or cap. The next process is to place inside the shell a small brass cup, called the "re-enforce," the object of which is to strengthen the closed end before punching in it three small holes through which the flame of the exploding cap reaches the powder.

After this a large number of the shells are placed upright on a revolving wheel so arranged that the upper part of each shell is brought in contact with a flame of gas. The intense heat softens the metal and prepares it for the "necking" process. Before the "necking," however, the shells pass to another machine, in which

they receive the "primer"—a small percussion-cap fitted on the outside of the closed end. This cap contains a very powerful fulminating powder, which is prepared in small quantities by careful and experienced workmen. So dangerous is this explosive that the men engaged in its preparation work separately in pits, to lessen the havoc of an accidental explosion. A piece of this fulminating powder no bigger than a walnut might wreck a large building. For this reason it is always kept moistened during the processes of manufacture and filling. After receiving the primer the shell passes through the necking machine, by which the diameter of the half toward the open end is reduced about one-third.

We now come to the delicate process of loading the shells with powder and bullet. In its original form the bullet is a slug bluntly rounded at both ends. Before being fitted to the shell this slug is passed through a "swedging" machine, by which it is made to assume a conical shape, one end flattened and slightly indented. At the same time the bullet is enveloped in a paper patch covering about two-thirds its length from the flat end, this wrapper being intended to take the grooves of the rifle bore and give the missile the necessary twist in its flight. The primed shells, the bullets, and a greased wafer for each, are now placed separately on revolving disks on the loading machine, as represented in our picture. From the first disk the shells pass into the second, which carries them under the powder reservoir, from which each, by an ingenious contrivance, receives its proper charge. They then pass under a third disk, where they each receive the greased wafer on top of the powder charge, and upon this the bullet is impressed. The loaded shell then passes into a receiver. Any imperfection in the shell or the bullet is instantly detected by a very delicate mechanical test, at the same instant it causes a bell to ring, and the machinery comes to a stop.

Each cartridge is then separately inspected by careful experts, and the quality of every day's run is tested by firing a certain number into a huge boiler constructed for this purpose. After undergoing every possible test, the cartridges are packed and sent away in fulfillment of orders. In time of peace, those sent to foreign nations are only primed and furnished with bullets, as the powder is liable to cake when kept a long time.

The two establishments mentioned at the beginning of this article employ about 4000 persons, a large proportion of whom are women. Each factory is under the supervision of experienced managers. The superintendent of the Union Metallic Cartridge Company is Mr. A. C. HOBBS, whose exploits in picking the crack safe locks of English manufacture at the time of the first World's Fair in London can not have been forgotten by our readers.

The metallic cartridge shell is of quite recent origin. It was invented by a European, but perfected by American ingenuity and skill. The whole world comes to us for these means of destruction, as well as for rifles and other weapons. The Sharps Rifle Company at Bridgeport is filling a large order for their new model breech-loaders for the Chinese government. Each rifle is marked "Old Reliable" in Chinese characters. The Providence Tool Company manufactures Martini-Henry rifles for the Turks, the Winchester Repeating Arms Company is producing rifles for the same government, while the Russians prefer what is known as the Berdan rifle. In short, America leads the world in the manufacture of arms of precision.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

AMONG the superstitions yet lingering in the minds of mankind, none, perhaps, is more universal than that of the man in the moon. In England he is chiefly immortalized by the old nursery rhyme, but no further details are given of his proceedings. German legends are, however, more communicative, and sundry traditions relate his history, varying in different parts of the country.

A Suabian mother at Derendingen tells her child that a man was once working in his vineyard on Sunday, and after having pruned all his vines he made a bundle of the shoots he had just cut off, laid it in his basket, and went home. According to one version, the vines were stolen from a neighbor's vineyard. When taxed either with Sabbath-breaking or with the theft, the culprit stoutly protested his innocence, and finally exclaimed, "If I have committed such a crime, may I go to the moon!" After his death this fate duly befell him, and there he remains to this day, condemned to eat molten lead as a punishment. The Black Forest peasantry say that the dark spots visible in the moon are caused by a man being spell-bound there. He stole a bundle of wood on Sunday, because he thought on that day he should be unmolested by the foresters. But he had not gone far with it when he met a stranger, who was none other than the Almighty Himself. After reproving the thief for not keeping the Sabbath-day holy, God said he must be punished; but he might choose whether he would be banished to the sun or the moon. The man chose the latter, declaring he would rather freeze in the moon than burn in the sun, and thus the "Besenmännle" or "Broom-man" came into the moon with his fagot on his back. Some say that the Almighty set light to the fagot, and it burns perpetually, in order that the bearer may not be frozen to death. At Waltenburg, in the Grisons, the tale is somewhat different. A poor woman besought a "Senner" to give her a little milk, which he roughly refused to do. Thereupon she wished he might go to the coldest place in existence, which is the moon, and he is there visible with his milk pail.

The man in the moon frequently figures in North German legends. Kuhn relates a tradition in the Havel country. One Christmas-eve a peasant felt a great desire to eat cabbage, and having none himself, he slipped into his neighbor's garden to cut some. Just as he had filled his basket, the Christ Child rode past on his white horse and said, "Because thou hast stolen on the holy night, thou shalt immediately sit in the moon with thy basket of cabbage." No sooner said than done, and the criminal is still undergoing his penalty. At Paderborn, in Westphalia, the crime committed was not theft, but hindering people from attending church on Easter-day by placing a thorn bush in the field gate through which they had to pass.

In the neighborhood of Wittingen, the man is said to be banished to the moon because he tied up his brooms on Maundy-Thursday; and at Deilinghofen, of having mown his meadows on Sunday.

Different versions are related in Limburg, where the man in the moon is believed to have stolen wood on Easter morning; while at Hemer, in Westphalia, people say he was engaged in fencing his field on Good-Friday, and had just poised a bunch of thorns on his fork, when he was at once transported to the moon. Some of the Hemer peasants declare that the moon is not only inhabited by a man with his thorn bush and pitchfork, but likewise by a woman churning. They are husband and wife, and both broke the Sabbath, the man by fencing his field, and the woman by churning her butter, during the hours of divine service.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

OCTOBER.

Sunday, 14.—Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.
Thursday, 18.—St. Luke the Evangelist.
Sunday, 21.—Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday, 28.—St. Simon and St. Jude; Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.

AMONG the interesting events of the last week of September in the city of New York was the twentieth anniversary of the Fulton Street Prayer-Meeting. This meeting originated in a time of financial depression like to that out of which the country is slowly emerging to-day. A modest advertisement invited the attendance of all who wished to meet for an hour of prayer in the consistory-room of the North Dutch Church on Fulton Street. The public mind was ready for the invitation, and in a few days the room was filled. Another noon service was organized in the John Street Methodist Church, which was continued several months. Early morning meetings were opened in the up-town churches, and noonday meetings in all the chief cities of the United States. From this country the daily prayer-meeting has spread to Europe, but the Fulton Street gathering has held its pre-eminence over all. The volumes which record its history have been translated into numerous languages, and have circulated wherever Christianity is known. The twentieth anniversary was held in the Lafayette Place Reformed Church, and brought together a crowded audience. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Dr. W. J. TUCKER (Presbyterian), the Rev. CHARLES MARTYN (Reformed Dutch), the Rev. Dr. G. W. SAMSON (Baptist), the Rev. GEORGE MÜLLER, of England, the Rev. C. C. TIFFANY (Protestant Episcopal), the Rev. Dr. O. H. TIFFANY (Methodist Episcopal), the Rev. L. H. VIRGIN (Congregational), and others.

In noting the censures passed upon Dr. M'COSH's estimate of American preaching, which he is said to have expressed at Edinburgh, we said that in due time he would "rise and explain." He has so done, and his explanation makes his Edinburgh speech appear very harmless indeed. "*I drew no comparison*," says the Princeton president, "*between the American and Scottish preaching generally, nor did I profess or pretend to give any general description of New England preachers or preaching.* But I did say that the American people were showing unmistakably, by the kind of ministers they were calling from abroad and from among themselves, that they preferred Scriptural preaching to a style which had appeared in New England, and thence spread into the Middle States; a style which tended to drive off the poor from the Presbyterian Church; a style in which the preacher, instead of expounding the Word, gave forth his own notions. I have given my views on this subject in America much more fully than I thought of doing in Edinburgh."

The New York State Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations opened in Hudson September 21. E. B. MONROE, of New York city, was elected president. The Executive Committee reported the whole number of Associations in the State to be eighty-nine. Seven have suspended during the year; eighteen new Associations have been formed. The sum received in the year was $2142. It was determined to raise $3500 for the permanent employment of a State secretary. A very interesting essay on the topic, "How shall we obtain Money for Association Work?" was read by H. B. CHAMBERLAIN, of Syracuse. The suggestion of the essayist to form a "sustaining membership" by a system of fixed contributions was favorably received. The topic, "What can the Association do for Commercial Travellers?" elicited a very interesting discussion. Simultaneously with the New York Convention the New Hampshire State Convention of Young Men's Christian Associations was held at Concord. The attendance was greater than was ever before known. "Working Bands" have been in operation during the past years, and have created a great interest in Association work.

The open communion question received a large share of the attention of the Boston North Baptist Association at its meeting, September 19. The committee appointed a year ago to investigate the practice of the Warren Avenue Church presented its report. The report declares that this church had violated the resolution of the association adopted in 1868, and recommended that if, by the next annual meeting, "no letter is received from the Warren Avenue Baptist Church signifying its return to the faith and practice of this association in reference to the relation of baptism to the Lord's Supper, it be regarded from that date as no longer a member of the body." A substitute was offered by Dr. LORIMER, expressing the *hope* that this church would return to the usual Baptist practice, and pledging the members of the association to labor for one year to secure such result. Dr. PENTECOST defended his church with great earnestness. During the discussion complaint was made that the committee had not more than half reported the defense offered by the church. Considerable merriment was created when at this point of the proceedings the chairman gave out to be sung the hymn beginning, "The half has not been told."

The new Church Bill which will soon be brought forward in the Italian Parliament by Signor MANCINI restores to the laity their share in the administration. It is, as may be expected, very thorough. The episcopal revenues will be placed in the keeping of provincial committees, who will direct their collection and disbursement. Parish revenues will be administered by parochial councils. Laws will be passed to regulate the collection and disbursement of these funds. A diocesan council may refuse to receive any bishop appointed by the Pope; the parishioners may, through their vestries, accept or refuse the parish priests nominated by the bishops. It will be perceived that the new law substitutes a local for the central administration of Church funds by the Minister of "Grace and Justice."

The *Church Journal* favors the change of the name of the Protestant Episcopal Church, but counsels moderation and patience. Especially does it deprecate the connection of the proposed change with any "ism" or any party. The *Journal* says: "That it will some time be carried we have no doubt, but only when the educated sentiment of the great mass of Churchmen compels it..... That Churchmen will go on under the fret and annoyance of a name, we hesitate not to say, the most clumsy and unmeaning of all names ever invented for a religious body, is impossible. As a matter of fact they repudiate it now in large numbers. They call themselves 'Churchmen,' not Episcopalians, and they are so called increasingly by others."

The advocates of this measure of course understand their own wishes, but as a matter of history the efforts to secure the popular adoption of new names of Churches have not in this country been very successful. The two Reformed Churches, Dutch and German, are still popularly known by the titles which have been formally repudiated.

The life and death of TOM PAINE, the author of the *Age of Reason*, have given rise to a controversy out of all proportion to his merits as a theological writer. The *Age of Reason* does not, in our day, furnish a single argument against Christianity. PAINE was poorly provided with the knowledge requisite for conducting this debate; what he attempted has since been far more ably done by STRAUSS and other writers of the mythical school. Modern representatives of unbelief, such as JOHN STUART MILL and Miss MARTINEAU, are persons of a wholly different type. It is, therefore, a question of very little moment how PAINE lived in his later years, or how he died. The New York *Observer* has, however, met the challenge in regard to PAINE, and produced the testimony of GRANT THORBURN and the Rev. Dr. J. D. WICKHAM, both of whom allege that he was during that period disgustingly intemperate. In relation to his dying, the memoirs of STEPHEN GRELLET are brought forward to show that PAINE said, "If the devil ever had any agency in any work, he has had it in writing that book." But, as already stated, the question has been magnified far beyond its importance. Unbelief makes a great mistake when it rests its case upon the life, character, and writings of THOMAS PAINE.

The Galesburg Rule adopted by one of the four Lutheran General Synods has been a fruitful source of controversy. It is thus expressed: "Lutheran pulpits are for Lutheran ministers only, and Lutheran altars for Lutheran communicants only." Dr. C. P. KRAUTH, one of the most famous of the Lutheran theologians of our country, has published one hundred and five theses on this subject. He is of opinion that pulpit fellowship between Lutheran and other ministers is impossible.

The National Prohibition Convention was opened in the Perry Street Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, Wednesday, September 26. Among the delegates were many well-known public men. Judge JAMES BLACK, of Pennsylvania, called the Convention to order, and made the opening address. The Rev. Dr. JOSEPH W. CUMMINGS, formerly president of Wesleyan University, was chosen president. Papers were read on the following topics: "Does the National Constitution permit Congress to prohibit the Importation, Manufacture, and Sale of Intoxicating Beverages?" "Is Prohibition a Right Government Policy?" "Are the Importation, Manufacture, and Sale of Intoxicating Liquors legitimate Branches of Commerce?" "Is Moral Suasion a sufficient Means for securing the Enactment and Execution of Prohibitory Laws?" The New York State Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union met at Binghamton September 26.

The Triennial Convention of the Free-will Baptists is announced to meet in Fairport, New York, the first week in October. This body holds to open communion. It has thirty-eight yearly meetings, 1464 churches, 1295 ordained preachers, and 74,651 members. Its principal periodical, the *Morning Star*, is published in Dover, New Hampshire. Its most important colleges are Bates College, Lewiston, Maine, and Hillsdale College, Hillsdale, Michigan. A strong disposition has been shown of late to enter into union with the orthodox Congregationalists.

MRS. A. T. STEWART is continually enlarging her benevolent plans. The cathedral at Garden City, Long Island, which she is building as a memorial of her deceased husband, will have as adjuncts two schools, one for boys and the other for girls. Two of the handsome residences put up by the STEWART estate in Garden City were selected for school-houses, furnished handsomely, and on Wednesday, September 19, were opened for pupils. The boys' school will be known as St. Paul's, and the girls' as St. Mary's; Bishop LITTLEJOHN will have the general superintendence. A large number of the clergy of the dioceses of New York and Long Island were present at the opening.

While the Protestant Episcopalians of the United States are to some extent expressing their dissatisfaction with the combination "Protestant Episcopal" in their Church title, the English bishops are emphasizing the Protestant character of the State Establishment. The new Bishop of Rochester, Dr. THOROLD, preaching in the parish of Hatcham, declared that "if the Church of England is not a Protestant Church, she is a shameful schism, and ought not to have an existence." A member of the church wrote to him, protesting against being called a Protestant. The reply of the bishop is stronger than his original declaration: "It may be perfectly true that the word Protestant does not occur in our authorized formularies, but it is equally true that the word 'Trinity' does not occur in Scripture. That the English Church is a reformed Church is simply a matter of history. That she is Protestant in the attitude she assumes toward the Roman Church is, I think, indisputable, and I have never before heard it contradicted. If she does not still protest against the doctrinal errors of that Church, her existence as a separate communion is an inexplicable and gratuitous schism. Of the Thirty-nine Articles no less than seventeen are directly or indirectly in controversy with Roman error; and so long as the clergy and laity of the Church of England accept the substance of our Articles, just so long do they protest against the errors they expose."

SHEEP RAID IN THE SOUTHWEST.

THE owners of cattle herds in the great Southwest are sworn enemies of the sheep-raisers, on the ground, real or fanciful, that sheep injure the grazing lands. Some time ago such scenes as the one represented in our engraving on page 808 were of frequent occurrence in parts of Colorado. A party of cattle-owners, disguised and closely muffled, have surprised a sheep-raiser just before sunrise. While two keep him and his assistant cowed by the exhibition of six-shooters, the others make sad havoc among the defenseless sheep, killing and maiming them with revolvers and clubs. These outrages have been checked by the sheep-raisers forming combinations in their own defense, and keeping armed watch over their flocks.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

THE second night after her first husband died she sat by the open chamber window five hours waiting for the cats to begin fighting in the back yard. Said she: "This thing of going to sleep without a quarrel of some kind is so new that I can't stand it. Let me alone till they begin; then I can doze off gently."

Why is a man who has got up an hour after seven like a man with a vegetable time-piece?—Because he has got a potato clock (got up at eight o'clock).

"You have only yourself to please," said a married man to a bachelor. "True," replied he; "but you can not tell what a difficult task I find it."

The answer of Socrates to a person who asked him when was the right hour for dinner was the following: "If you are rich," said he, "you can dine when you like; and if you are poor, you can dine when you can."

A young lady in Texas who advertised for a husband says that she can talk philosophy as well as rock the cradle.

"We've got to economize, or the country is ruined," was the soliloquy of a husband as he kindled the fire with his wife's bustle.

"Don't make a fool of yourself with that girl now, Tom; you know love's blind," said his cautious parent. "That's all bosh," said superior Tom. "Love's not blind at all; why, I see ten times as much in that girl as you do."

An acrobatic Frenchman claims great credit for being able to walk on the ceiling with his head down; but if he wants to create a real sensation, let him walk on the ceiling with his head up.

The bashful man who asked his girl if her favorite beverage wasn't "pop," was referred to her popper.

The French attempted to introduce hippophagy in the East, and failed. The Arabs did not take kindly to roast horse, although always ready for a little camel for their desert.

She returned his love, but even then he wasn't satisfied. She said she did not want it.

The young man who wrote and asked his girl to accept a "bucket" of flowers became a little pale when she said she wouldn't ware it.

A teacher, after reading to her scholars a story of a generous child, asked them what generosity was. One little boy raised his hand and said, "I know: it's giving to others what you don't want yourself."

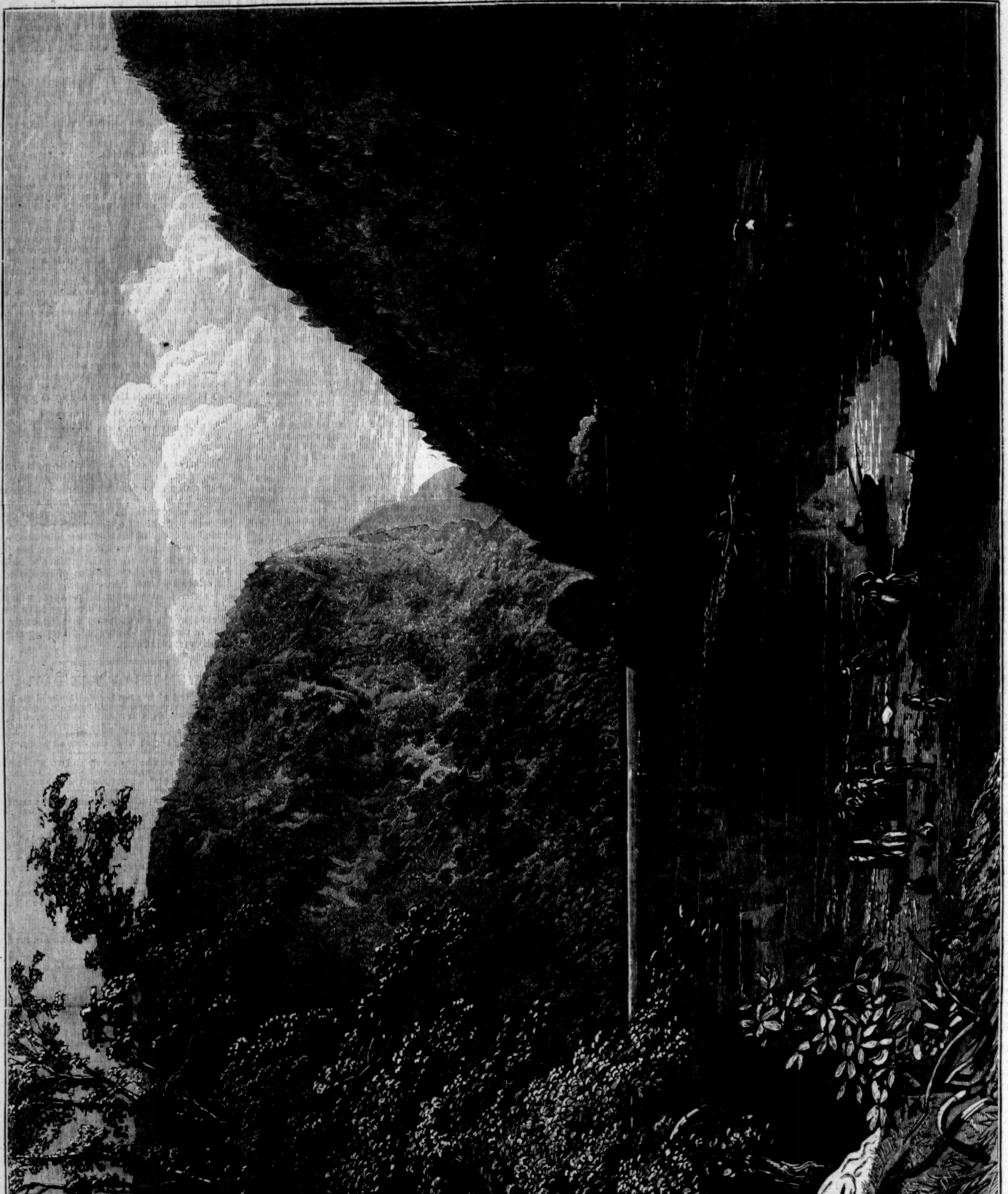
A preacher who arrived at the kirk wet through asked an old Scotchwoman what he should do, to which she replied, "Gang into the pulpit as sune as ye can. Ye'll be dry eneugh there."

A CONTORTION.—"Is that gentleman the first violin?" asked an individual of a reporter at a late rehearsal, pointing to a well-known dealer in musical instruments, who was mingling with the orchestra. "No," said the paragrapher; "he is only a violin seller."

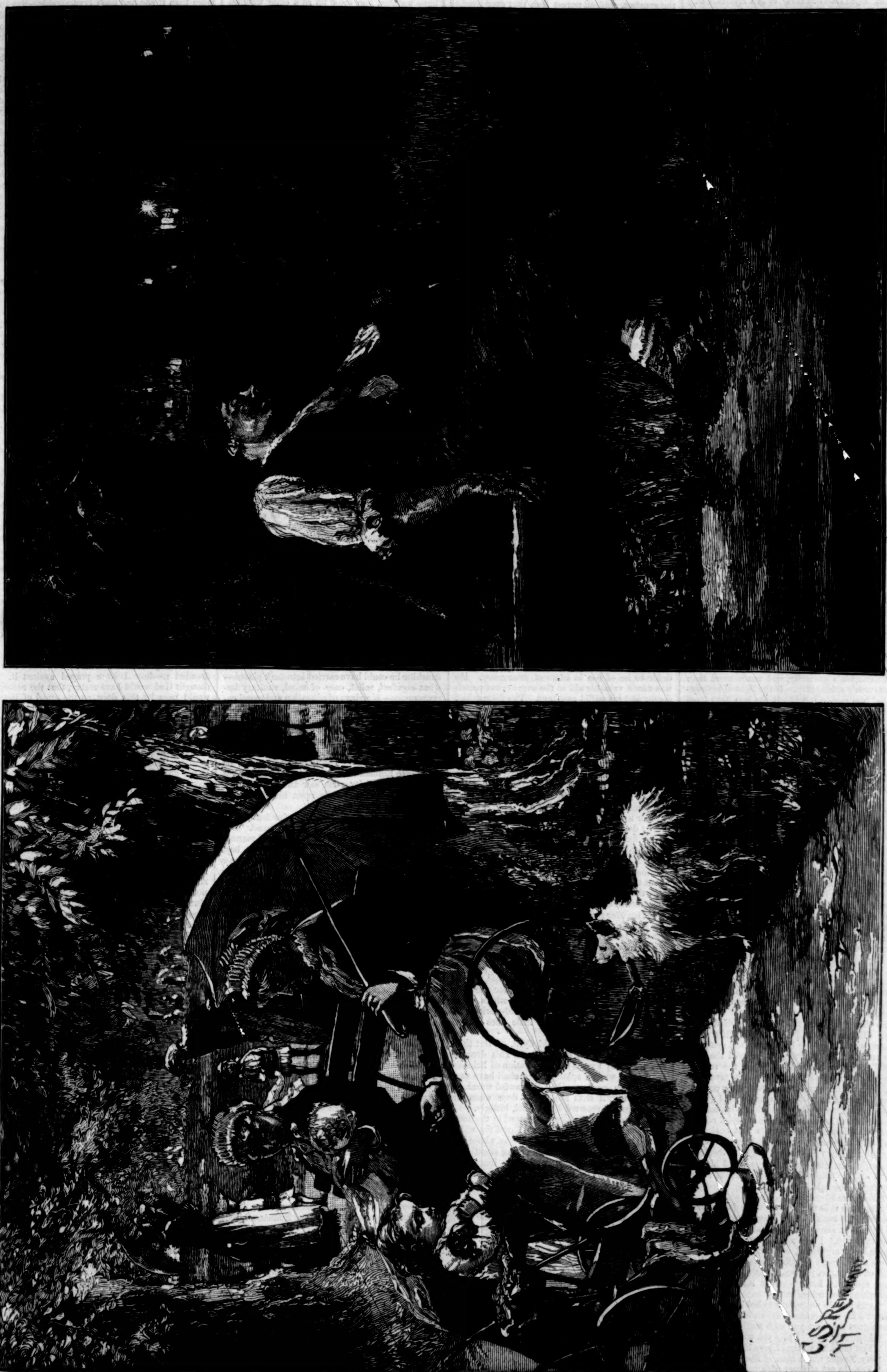
HUSBAND. "My dear, why are you making such an elaborate toilet? Now that you are married, you need not dress to please the men."
WIFE. "I don't dress to please the men, my dear, but to worry other women."

A girl at school would like to have two birthdays every year. When she grows up a woman she objects to having one.

After one of the last operations of a celebrated surgeon, the resident student stood looking at the two pieces of mortality lying on the surgeon's table. "What are you doing, Sir?" sharply asked the surgeon. "I am waiting for you to point out which piece is to be put to bed and which is to be buried."



THE DELAWARE WATER-GAP.—Drawn by Granville Perkins.—[See Page 806.]



IN THE PARK—LIGHT AND SHADE.—Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.—[See Page 806.]

THE DELAWARE WATER-GAP.

THIS delightful and picturesque resort lies at the northern extremity of Northampton County, Pennsylvania, where the Delaware River passes through a defile formed by rocks rising on each side to the height of from 1000 to 1200 feet. The character of the scenery and the natural charms that lure the summer tourist to this beautiful spot are admirably depicted in our illustration on page 804.

LIGHT AND SHADE.

THE two scenes portrayed by our artist in the engraving on page 805 may be witnessed every day and evening, while the weather remains warm, in our city parks. During the daytime they are the resort of nurse-maids and their little charges, of mothers and their children; and at night many a homeless tramp, who in winter seeks the warm shelter of the police station-house, makes his bed on one of the benches, where he sleeps, generally undisturbed, till morning. Sometimes, though rarely, assaults and robberies occur; but the tramp's poverty is his great safeguard in these open sleeping-places. He has generally nothing about him worth stealing.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

AN OPEN VERDICT.

By MISS M. E. BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "DEAD MEN'S SHOES," "JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER," "WEAVERS AND WEFT," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE ONLY SON OF HIS MOTHER.

AFTER that first interview Cyril saw Emmanuel Joyce often. His duty took him nearly every day to that fetid alley where the cobbler contrived to grow his flowers, and to maintain a semblance of prettiness in his narrow dwelling. Whenever the curate had half an hour to spare in his daily round, he spent it with Emmanuel, and their talk was generally of spiritual things; for, like most unbelievers of his genius, Joyce loved to discuss the religion he pretended to abjure.

One day when Emmanuel had quoted one of the most awful passages in "Queen Mab," Cyril startled him by asking,

"Do you know that Shelley was a lad of eighteen when he wrote those lines, and that the poem was published without his consent? You quote it to sustain your arguments with as much confidence as if it were the work of mature wisdom like Bacon's or Pascal's."

Emmanuel blushed.

"He was a boy in years, perhaps, but a man in genius," he said.

"Granted. Shelley was a marvelous boy, with all Chatterton's precocity, and much more than Chatterton's spirituality. If the light of his genius led him astray, it was not the less light from heaven. I doubt not if Shelley had lived to be old he would have learned to believe in much that seemed foolishness to his young imagination. Do you ever read Tennyson?"

"Tennyson is too tame for me."

"Take my advice and read him. He is not so great a poet as Shelley, but he is a greater teacher. He and Victor Hugo are the two great moralists of the age; and I would put Tennyson higher than Hugo, because his morality is of a graver and calmer cast. I will bring you my Tennyson to-morrow."

"You are too good," said Emmanuel, touched by the curate's tone of equal friendship.

He went to hear Cyril preach, and listened with delight. He was willing to accept his new friend as a great moral teacher, but he was not willing to surrender his infidel opinions. He had hugged them too long. They were his hobby, as dear to him as a gallery of pictures to a wealthy connoisseur, or a cabinet of old china to a fine lady. But if the citadel had not yet yielded, its foundations were considerably weakened. After a fortnight's acquaintance with Cyril, the cobbler took his mother to church regularly every Sunday, much to the widow's delight. It was the only happiness that had been wanting in her simple, laborious life, to go to church leaning on her son's arm.

So things went on till the middle of the summer. Emmanuel had left off reading infidel books, won altogether by the curate's sympathy. He stuck to his opinions, but he read the books Cyril chose for him, and enlarged the range of his ideas. He had devoured books ravenously, but had not digested or absorbed their contents. Now he read in a methodic manner, and grouped his subjects, under Cyril's advice. He had supposed that all hard reading meant useful reading; but Cyril showed him that the best books were generally the easiest to read and remember.

One day when Emmanuel began a theological discussion the curate abruptly stopped him.

"I am not going to talk to you about religion any more," he said.

"Why not?"

"Because it is useless and unprofitable, harmful even, for both of us. I have said all I have to say about sacred things, and I have failed to convince you. I will not talk of the Gospel for the sake of argument, and with a man who has made up his mind to reject Gospel truth. Let us talk of literature, politics, any thing you like, except religion. I am warmly interested in the growth of your mind."

"And you do not refuse to hold any communication with me because I am an infidel? You do not thrust me from you with loathing?"

"Assuredly not. I pity you too much."

"You must be a man of very liberal opinions."

"My Master was a man of liberal opinions."

"Yes, He sat at meat with publicans and sinners, the despised and the oppressed. He was the greatest, noblest, purest Man that ever lived, the wisest Teacher. If you claimed no more for Him than that—"

"We claim a great deal more than that; but I am not going to discuss these things. Tell me how you like Tennyson."

"Better and better the more I read him."

"Just so; I don't think any body ever thoroughly likes Tennyson at the first reading."

They went on to talk of the laureate, and Cyril was surprised and pleased by the justice of the cobbler's criticism. Emmanuel was touched by the curate's forbearance. He expressed himself warmly when Cyril was taking leave of him.

"You are a man in a thousand," he said. "You are not liberal in words only, but in acts. One would suppose that in your eyes I should be an outcast—a pariah—Anathema Maranatha."

"You are a man," answered Cyril, "and your soul is precious in my esteem."

Now came dark days for the crowded slums and lanes which surrounded and hemmed in the high street and market-place of Bridford, like a foul net-work of brick and mortar, shutting out the fresh sweet breezes that sweep over wood and pasture, moor and corn field, and all the spicy summer odors of wild herbs and flowers. Mysteriously, scarce any one knowing where the rumor first began, there arose the cry that cholera was in Bridford. People stood at the street corners and on the door-steps telling one another of this fatal visitant, with awe-stricken faces and hushed voices. They were accustomed to small-pox, they were but too familiar with typhus and typhoid, which two fatal diseases the great Jenner was just then seeking to differentiate. But cholera was a foe that came but seldom, and when he came was scathing as that dark angel of the Lord before whose burning breath the host of Senacherib melted like snow. They had had cholera in the fatal year of '32. It had revisited them in '47; and now, stricken with an awful dread, they clustered in little groups at the street corners, at the baker's, at the close little dingy shops that sold every thing, and in which the atmosphere was prevaded with subtly blended odors of cheese, blacking, pickled onions, chiccory, candles, bacon, fire-wood, and herrings. There was a general exodus of all the well-to-do people of Bridford. They packed their trunks in a feverish hurry, and carried their children off to the sea, whereby all the accessible watering-places were sorely overcrowded, and a fertile crop of typhus and scarlatina was grown in close lodgings and sewer-scented bed-chambers; so much so that it was afterward asserted that those who staid at home and faced the perils of cholera, and did a good deal to help their poorer neighbors, fared better than those more cautious spirits who fled before the face of the foe.

Cyril worked day and night. He had studied surgery in Paris in one of his long vacations, and had gone about among the London hospitals, in order to be of use in cases of emergency. He was now a valuable aid to the overworked parish doctor and his pallid assistant. The disease had spread fast among the crowded tenements under the shadow of the great chemical factory. Those fumes of sulphur and oxalic acid which poisoned the air of heaven in this locality proved no antidote to the cholera poison. There had been a good many deaths already. Cyril hunted the parish officers to accomplish such sanitary improvements as might be effected on the spur of the moment; but the whole neighborhood was a nest of rottenness. There was not a drain that did its duty, or a sewer that did not breathe forth pollution by day and night. The funeral bell sounded all day long, and the faces of the people were pale and worn with an ever-present fear.

Emmanuel Joyce went on with his daily work and his nightly studies. He wrote dismal verses about the cholera fiend and his victims, and was more than ever inclined to question the justice and benevolence of his Creator.

"It isn't for myself I'm afraid," he said to Cyril, who had scant leisure now for literary discussions, but who looked in at Mrs. Joyce's parlor once a day, for five minutes' friendly chat. "A man can die but once. I'm no more afraid of sudden death than a soldier is when he stands in his place in the ranks and knows that the next shot may be for him. But I can't help feeling for the poor creatures round about me—the mothers taken from their young children—the hard-working fathers carried off, and their little ones left to starve."

"It is hard, I grant," said Cyril. "But there is some good in all evil things. This dreadful outbreak may arouse the corporation of Bridford from their wicked apathy. We shall have sanitary reform, perhaps, after this awful warning."

"Ay, they'll shut the stable door when the steed's gone," retorted Emmanuel, bitterly.

A few days later a death occurred in the house in which the Joyces lived. Cyril found the widow sitting with her work in her lap—she whose needle was rarely idle—pale and crying silently.

"Oh, Sir," she sighed, "my poor Emmanuel, my blessed, well-beloved son!"

"Dear Mrs. Joyce, is any thing amiss with him? Is he ill?" asked Cyril, alarmed.

"No, Sir—not yet. But, oh, I am full of fear—the poor woman on the third floor—the young mother with the two children—you know—you were with her last night. She's gone, Sir. Only taken yesterday morning, and gone this afternoon. A clear case of Asiatic cholera, the doctor says. Who can tell if my boy may not be the next?"

"My good soul, you will be the next, if you fret and frighten yourself like this. Does not God take care of us all? Those who are taken are in His keeping as truly as those He leaves behind. In life or death we are with Him. Why should Emmanuel be the next? He is sober and cleanly. He is better cared for in every way than his neighbors."

"Oh, Mr. Culverhouse, I love him so—he is all the world to me. I could not live without him. I have watched him grow up as a child watches the one flower in his little garden. Every day and hour of his life has been precious to me. My only grief has been that he should set his face against the Bible. And now, perhaps, God is angry with him. God must be angry at unbelief, and will snatch him away from me."

"That would be to punish you. God is all just. He will give your son time to grow wiser."

"Oh, Sir, it is not always so. The wicked man is cut off in the day of his iniquity. My son has denied God, and may be smitten in his pride. The poor young mother taken away from her babies, one that can just crawl, and the other six weeks old! Why should heaven pity me more than those babies?"

"Because the loss must be harder for you. Some kind soul will care for the babies."

"True, Sir, one of them was laughing and crowing an hour ago. They don't know what death means. But Emmanuel is my all. At night when he lays down his book and talks to me for a little bit, I sit and drink in his words as if they were wine, warming and strengthening me. His poetry seems grander to me than any other poet's. Yes, grander than Milton or Shakspeare. I think God meant him to be great."

"I believe God meant him to be good."

"Oh, Mr. Culverhouse, my mind is full of care when I think of him. My husband believed that some were chosen vessels of wrath. I have sometimes fancied that Emmanuel must be such a one. To be so gifted, and yet to deny God! To be so good to me—the best and kindest of sons—and yet to be stubborn against his God! I can not understand it."

"Can you not understand the case of a man to whom Heaven has given a searching and inquiring spirit—a mind not satisfied to be taught by others—wanting to find out every thing for itself? Such a man, not having searched deep enough, may be still in the dark, but when he has lived longer and thought more the light will come. Be sure of that."

"Do you believe that, Mr. Culverhouse?"

"Honestly. I give Emmanuel another year for his infidel opinions, and at the end of that time I expect to see him testifying to his belief in Christianity—like the apostle Paul, as ardent in faith as he has been ardent in disbelief."

"What comfort you have given me!" sighed the widow.

Cyril went away touched by the mother's intense love, deeply anxious for the safety of both mother and son in that infected house. If he had been rich enough he would have sent both off to some inland village, far from the smoke of cities and the fume of factory chimneys. But he had drained his purse in giving a little help in cases where help was most bitterly needed. For one moment there flashed across his mind the thought of what he might have done to help these people if Beatrix Harefield's fortune had been his. What sunshine he could have carried into dark places—what comfort, relief, ease of mind, sanitary improvements—blessings of education and moral enlightenment—better dwellings, hopefulness every where. Money would have done all this, and the woman he loved would have given him her wealth freely for these things. And now the wealth was useless and idle, and he and the woman he loved were alike unhappy. His purse was empty; he could give Emmanuel and his mother nothing but friendship and pity. He saw them every day, though the continual calls upon his time made every moment precious.

Unhappily Mrs. Joyce had not the firmness of soul that can face a danger near at hand. She was nervous and full of fear. She had all manner of petty devices for keeping the enemy at bay. She who had never been given to gossip now lingered at the chandler's shop, to talk to her neighbors, to hear the latest evil tidings, or to get the last specific which quackery had invented against the disease. Emmanuel's life was made a burden to him by his mother's care. She wanted him to take half a dozen different concoctions in a day. His affection yielded, while his common-sense revolted.

"I haven't the least belief in these messes, but I'll take any thing to oblige you, mother," he said.

By-and-by the widow wondered to see her son's appetite begin to languish.

"I think those messes you gave me are the cause of it," he said, when his mother bewailed this alarming symptom. "They sicken my stomach."

"Oh, Emmanuel, every body knows that sarsaparilla is strengthening, and ought to give you an appetite, and then there's the iron, and the bark I got from the chemist's for you."

"Yes, and the dandelion tea, and the ground ivy."

"That was to sweeten your blood, Emmanuel."

"Mother, there was nothing the matter with me, and if you want me to take preventives against cholera why can't you be contented with simple things? Mr. Culverhouse says that a teaspoonful of common salt taken daily with one's food is the best preventive ever discovered; and that wouldn't make me turn against my dinner, as your ground ivy and such like rubbish does."

Hereupon the widow began to cry.

"I'm so anxious about you, Emmanuel," she said.

"And so am I anxious about you, mother; but I don't worry you nor myself. What's the use? Here we are, rank and file, like soldiers, and the shells are exploding round us on every side. We may get hit, or we may not. There are survivors after all great battles. Think of those old fellows we have seen who were all through the Peninsular war. How many times must they and death have been within an inch of each other! We are no worse off than they were."

The tolling of the funeral bell came like a full stop at the end of Emmanuel's speech.

One of Mrs. Joyce's ideas for the preservation of her son's health—of herself she thought no more than if she had been invulnerable—was to get him as much as possible out of the tainted neighborhood he lived in. She urged him to abandon his evening studies, and to take long walks into the country, she going with him. The young man humored this fancy as he would have humored any wish of his mother's, and the two used to set out after working-hours on a rural tramp. The country, or any thing pretty in the way of rustic scenery, was not easily reached from Bridford. Long dusty high-roads, bounded by uninteresting fields of mangle or turnips, had to be traversed before the weary pedestrian arrived at any thing rural or refreshing to the senses. Emmanuel and his mother had both a keen love of the beautiful, and they overwalked themselves nightly in the endeavor to reach some green hill-side or wooded dell they knew of. The evenings were sultry and oppressive. More than once the wayfarers were caught in a thunder-shower, and went home wet to the skin. Altogether this precautionary measure of Mrs. Joyce's was about the worst thing she and her son could have done. The end was fatal. One night Emmanuel was seized with racking pain, and the usual symptoms of Asiatic cholera.

The parish doctor came early in the morning. Yes, there was no room for doubt; it was another case. The widow heard his opinion with a stony calmness. All her fussy anxiety seemed gone. Her pale set face betokened a despair too deep for words. She sat by her son's pillow; she wiped the drops of agony from his drawn face; she obeyed to the letter every direction the doctor had given her.

"How good you are!" she said once, when she had seen the struggle between fortitude and pain; "how patient! Oh, my dear one, surely this is Christian patience! I know it; I feel it. At heart you are a Christian."

"I have tried to live an honest life," the sick man answered, feebly; "I have tried to keep my name fair in the sight of men, and to do as much good as I was able to my neighbors."

"That is Christianity, my dear. If you would but acknowledge— But no, I won't talk to you now. God will have mercy. He will spare you for me—for me. And then your heart will be melted, and you will turn to Him."

"Mother, if I should be taken away," Emmanuel said later, "I know Mr. Culverhouse will be good to you. You will not be friendless."

"Not friendless! I have no friend but you. The earth would be empty for me if you were gone. Oh, my boy, my boy, do you think that I could go on living without you?"

Cyril overheard these two speeches. He had knocked gently, and, receiving no answer, had softly opened the door. The neighbors—a family of nine, in the front-room—had told him of Emmanuel's state.

"Oh, Sir," cried the widow, turning to him with streaming eyes, "it has come! You know how I dreaded it—how I have prayed against it. I thought God would have mercy, that the scourge would pass by this door, as the angel of Death passed by the doors that were sprinkled with the blood of the lamb. But He has been deaf to my prayers."

"He is never deaf to prayer, though He may not give us the answer we desire," said Cyril, gently. "Do not give way to despair. With God's grace your son will recover, as so many have done."

"But how many have died!" said the widow, sadly, as she resumed her seat by her son's pillow.

Cyril staid for more than an hour, comforting both the sick man and his mother by his presence. He said very little to Emmanuel, for the sufferer was in no state to talk or to be talked to. It was one of those cases in which a death-bed repentance—a calm survey of past errors and sins, a deliberate act of allegiance to God—was not to be expected. The sinking soul might clutch at the cross held aloft before those dim eyes as a drowning man catches at the rope flung out to him at his last extremity; but any act involving thought, any calm reception of divine truth, was impossible. To Cyril's eye the young man seemed already sinking. He opened his book by-and-by without a word of preface, and read those chapters of St. John's—Christ's parting address to His disciples—words whose pathetic minor seems to breathe sad sweetness into dying ears. Emmanuel's face brightened as he heard. He remembered how he had loved those chapters long ago, when he had read them at his mother's knee, before his father's severity and the hard ascetic life had made all religious reading hateful to him.

"Yes," he murmured, presently, in an interval of pain. "That is a lovely farewell. Those used to be your favorite chapters, mother."

"They are so still, dear. I have never tired of them."

Cyril left with a heavy heart, promising to call in the evening, at the hour when he would be likely to meet the doctor. That anguish-wrung countenance of the widow's haunted him all day long. In the places where he went there was little else but sorrow, but there seemed to him to be no burden like unto this burden of hers—a grief and a desolation beyond speech.

"He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." These words were continually in his mind. For that one widow—blessed and chosen above all other afflicted women—God upon earth worked one of His greatest miracles. Thrice only in His earthly pilgrimage did He exercise that ineffable power; and on this occasion it seemed exercised on the impulse of the moment. God's human heart had been touched by this entirely human grief. He did not say to the widow, as His servants now say, "Rejoice, for your son is in heaven." He gave her back her son upon earth.

Cyril was heavy at heart, for he had seen every cause for fear in Emmanuel Joyce's condition.

"If it were my life, now, that was in jeopardy,

it would matter very little," he said to himself. "Who is there to be sorry for me? My cousin Kenrick would be grieved, perhaps, in a mild degree, to hear of my death; but it would make very little difference in his life. This poor woman's life will be desolate if she loses her son. There will be nothing left her. Hard to break the chain of love when poverty and loneliness have made each link so strong."

The twilight was closing in when Cyril went back to the room where Emmanuel Joyce was lying in an agony that looked like the throes of death. The widow's ashen face indicated a knowledge of her son's peril. She tried to speak, but could not. She could only hold out her cold, tremulous hand to the human friend of whose pity she felt assured, and look at him with wild, despairing eyes. He pressed her hand gently, and sat down by the bedside to watch the struggle, while he waited for the doctor's coming.

"You have done every thing," he said. "Yes, I am sure of that."

The room had a stifling odor of laudanum and brandy. The pupils of the sick man's eyes were dilated, his lips were of a bluish tint, his face looked shrunken and drawn as if with old age.

It was more than an hour before the parish doctor appeared.

"There are so many cases," he said, apologetically.

And then he looked at the patient with a calm business-like air that tortured the mother's heart. He felt the pulse, put his hard hand upon the clammy brow.

"He's very bad to-night."

"Worse than he was this morning?" asked the widow, hoarsely.

"Ever so much worse."

"And you said this morning that he was in danger."

"My good woman, I'm very sorry for you," said the doctor, shrugging his shoulders, "but it's a very bad case. Frankly, it's hopeless. There's no use in deceiving you. The young man is dying."

No cry of despair came from the mother's parched lips. She made no moan, but only crouched by her son's bed, clasping him in her arms, as if she would have held him back from death by the sheer force of maternal love. She never turned to look at the doctor as he moved slowly toward the door.

"I'm very sorry," he said. "It's a sad case. The drainage of this place is shameful. We positively invite disease. I can't do any thing more. You can go on with the laudanum and the brandy; but I'm afraid it's useless. And you might put a mustard plaster to the soles of his feet."

Mrs. Joyce sprang up, and ran to the cupboard as if awakened to new life. There was a ray of hope for her in being told to do something, even though in the same breath the doctor said that it was useless.

Cyril followed the doctor into the dusky alley. Summer stars were shining down upon them through the dim gray of night. Blotches of yellow light gleamed in wretched windows, where there were more rags than glass, and more paper than rags. Every door-step was occupied by squatting forms of slipshod matrons, or men in shirt sleeves smoking their clay pipes. The fumes of rank tobacco contested for the mastery with oxalic acid and asafetida. A horrible place to live in; a worse place to die in.

"Dr. Saunders, I would give a great deal to save that young man," said Cyril, putting his arm through the doctor's. They had met continually during the troublous summer, and had grown very friendly.

"So would I, my dear Sir," answered Dr. Saunders. "You don't suppose I'm adamant, do you? That woman's face has hit me harder than any thing I've met with in the last miserable six weeks. But I can't help her. The young man is sinking."

"Is not cholera more or less a disorganization of the blood?"

"Certainly."

"Have you ever tried the effect of transfusion upon a patient in a state of collapse?"

"What do you mean?"

"When I was in Paris I heard a good deal about the transmission of blood from the veins of a healthy patient to those of a sinking one. I saw the operation performed at the Hôtel Dieu, and the result was successful."

"That's an old idea," said the parish doctor; "but I've never gone into it. It was tried in the seventeenth century, in France, by Denis, the anatomist, and at Oxford by Dr. Richard Lower, who performed transfusion on animals. Dr. Blundell was the first English physician who performed experiments of that kind on the human subject. I've never done such a thing myself, and I can't say I should like to attempt it."

"It's the simplest process imaginable," said Cyril; "almost as easy as bleeding."

And then he described the operation as he had seen it performed in Paris.

"It may be easy enough, but I shouldn't care to try it."

"Not to snatch a man from the jaws of death; not to achieve a triumph in medical science; not to prove how far this nineteenth century of ours is ahead of the learned Middle Ages, when the best cure surgery could invent for a sick emperor was to wrap him in the skin of an ape flayed alive?"

"Science is a grand thing," admitted Dr. Saunders, "but I am no friend to rash experiments. And even if I were willing to try the operation upon that poor fellow yonder—who is bound to die, so there's not much risk for *him*—where am I to find the benevolent subject willing to part with six ounces of blood?"

"Here," answered Cyril. "I am ready for your lancet."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

FOREIGNERS' ENGLISH.

AT all the tourist towns abroad English and American visitors are much looked for; and it is amusing to see the mode in which inscriptions and advertisements are drawn up in English, or what is supposed to be English, for the sake of riveting the attention of possible guests or customers belonging to the "nation of shop-keepers." Many tourists have taken copies of these curiosities, which have afterward found their way into print in various forms.

Hotels are famous for these oddities: the variety of languages spoken by the visitors supplying a reason for this. The "Drei Mohren" (Three Moors) Hotel, at Augsburg, has the following entry in the visitors' book: "January 28th, 1815; His Grace Arthur Wellesley, &c. &c. &c.; great honour arrived at the beginning of this year to the three Moors; this illustrious warrior, whose glorious atchievements, which, cradled in India, have filled Europe with his renown, descended in it." At the "Trois Allies" Hotel, Salzburg, some few years ago, mine host invited English visitors by the following announcement: "George Nelböck begs leave to recommand his hotel to the Three Allied, situated vis a vis of the birth-home of Mozart, which offers all comforts to the meanest charges."

The circular of an Italian host, printed in four languages, discourses thus to English visitors concerning the excellences of the hotel "Torre di Londra," Verona: "The old inn of London's Tower, placed among the more agreeable situation of Verona's course, belonging at Sir Theodosius Trianoni, restor'd by the decorum most indulgent to good things, of life's eases; which are favored from every acts liable at inn same, with all object that is concerned, conveniency of stage coaches, proper horses, but good forages, and coach houses. Do offers at innkeeper the constant hope, to be honored from a great concourse, where politeness, good genius of meats, round table, coffee-house, hackney coach, men servant of place, swiftness of service, and moderation of prices, shall arrive to accomplish in Him all satisfaction, and at Sirs, who will do the favor honoring him with a very assur'd kindness." No doubt "Sir Theodosius" took some pride in this composition.

The card of an old inn at Paris some years ago contained the announcement, "Salines baths at every o'clock;" and of another, "The wines shall leave you nothing to hope for." In a hotel at Mount Sinai, on the fly-leaf of the visitors' book, English travellers are informed that "Here in too were inscribed all whose in the rule of the year come from different parts, different cities and countries, pilgrims and travellers of any different rank and religion or profession, for advice and notice thereof to their posterity, and even also in owr own of memory, acknowledging."

The following was copied by a tourist from a card for English visitors prepared by the host of an establishment at or near the excavations of Pompeii: "That hotel, open since a very few days, is renowned for the cleanness of the apartments and linen; for the exactness of the service; and for the eccellence of the true French cookery. Being situated at proximity of that regeneration, it will be propitious to receive families whatever, which will desire to reside alternately in that town, to visit the monuments new found, and to breathe thither the salubrity of the air. That establishment will avoid to all travellers, visitors of that sepult city, and to the artists (willing draw the antiquities) a great discordance, occasioned by the tardy and expensive contour of the iron way. People will find equally thither, a complete sortiment of stranger wines, and of the kingdom, hot and cold baths, stables and coach-houses, the whole with very moderate price. Now, all the applications and endeavors of the hoste will tend always to correspond to the tastes and desires of their customers, which will acquire without doubt to him, in that town, the reputation whome he is ambitious." The landlord's meaning is pretty clear, in spite of his funny English, save in relation to "the tardy and expensive contour of the iron way," which however, may have a vague reference to railways.

A refreshment-house at Amsterdam sells "upright English ginger-beer"—the Dutch word for "genuine," *opregt*, having led to a muddling of the English.

A firm at Marseilles, claiming a good repute for their preparation of the liqueur called *Vermuth*, have labels on some of their bottles to the following effect: "The Wermouth is a brightly bitter and perfumed with additional and good vegetable white wine. This is tonic, stimulant, febrifuge, and costive drinking; mixed with water it is aperitive, refreshing, and also a powerful preservative of fivers; those latter are very usual in warmth countries, and of course that liquor has just been particularly made up for that occasion." It is quite certain that M. Laprestè, a restaurateur at Versailles, said exactly what he did not mean in the following announcement, by confounding the French *prévenir* with the English *prevent*: "To Rendezvous of Museum, Arms Place, 9, Laprestè Restorer, has the honor of preventing the travellers that they will be helpt at his house, or a head, or at choice." At Rouen an announcement is remarkable for the odd way of expressing "London Stout," namely, "Stoughtonlondon." A bath-keeper at Basle informs his English visitors that "in this new erected establishment, which the Ouner recommends best to all foreigners, are to have ordinary and artful baths, russia and sulphury bagnios, pumpings, artful mineral waters, gauze lemonads, fournished apartmens for patients." A French advertisement relating to a house to be let, with immediate possession, takes this extraordinary form: "Castle to praise, presently." Those who know the twofold meaning of the verb *louer* in French will see how this odd blunder arose. A dentist at Honfleur "renders himself to the habitations of these wich honor him with their confidence and executes all wich concarns his profession with skill and vivacity."

At Frankfort-on-the-Main, "M. Reutlinger takes leave to recommande his well-furnished magazin of all kind of travelling-luggage and sadle-work." Affixed to a pillar outside the Théâtre Français, some years ago, was a bill or placard: "Hardy Cook, living to the Louvre on the West Gate under the Vestibule, old emplacement of late M. Kolliker. He will serve you with list, and he has parlours and privates rooms, receives Society, and has always some Shoueroute and Disters of Cancall." Inscrutable words these last, certainly. At Havre, local regulations for the convenience of visitors are printed in various languages; English people are informed that "one arrangement can make with the pilot for the walking with roars." "Pilot" for "guide" is not far amiss; but "roars" as an English equivalent for "ramparts" (if that is meant) is odd enough; and if not, the enigma is just as formidable. The much-used French *on* evidently increased the difficulty of the poor translator.

A Guide to Amsterdam was published in Holland, in English, some years ago, professing to be written, edited, or translated by an Englishman. Its style may be judged from the following specimen, relating to the manners and customs of many of the inhabitants on Sundays and holidays: "They go to walk outside the town gates; after this walk they hasten to free public play gardens, where wine, thea, &c. is sold. Neither the mobility remains idle at these entertainments. Every one invites his damsel, and joyously they enter play gardens of a little less brilliancy than the former. There, at the crying sound of an instrument that rents the ear, accompanied by the delightful handle-organs and the rustic triangle, their devoirs are paid to Terpsichore. Every where a similitude of talents; the dancing outdoes not the music."

A Dutch volume containing many views in the Netherlands, with descriptions in three or four languages, claims credit for "the exactness as have observed in conforming our draughts to the originals," which (a hope is expressed) "can not fail to join us the general applause." Of one village we are told, "That village was renouned by the abandon of saulmons that were fiched there. That village is situated in a territory that afford abandon of fruits and corns."

A small guide-book for English-speaking visitors to Milan Cathedral is prefaced by the statement that, "in presenting to the learned and intelligent publick this new and brief description of the cathedral of Milan, i must apprise that i do not mean to emulate with the works already existing of infinite merit for the notions they contain, and the perspicuity with which they are exposed."

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

MR. EDWARD BICKNELL, a gentleman well known among American microscopists, died on the 19th of March, at Lynn, Massachusetts, at the age of forty-seven. Originally a resident of Salem, he joined the scientific corps of workers at the Museum of Comparative Zoology in Cambridge, with which he was connected until the death of Professor AGASSIZ. His sections of shells and rocks were of extraordinary beauty, and he was also especially skilled in the preparation of injected objects.

With a profound knowledge of the theory and practice of microscopy, he not only advanced the science by his own writings, but also by preparing material for the researches of others.

Advices have been received from the HOWGATE arctic schooner *Florence*, dated Cape Breton, August 8, up to which time the vessel had had a very comfortable and satisfactory passage. The arrangements for the accommodation of the naturalist and meteorologist prove to be quite ample and satisfactory, and already collections of natural history of some interest have been made.

We have already referred to the labors of the United States Fish Commission during the present season in the way of hatching and distributing shad to various parts of the United States, the total number thus furnished amounting to nearly twelve millions. The sea-coast branch of its labors is now under way. The steam-tug *Speedwell*, a powerful vessel of 300 tons, was fitted out at the Portsmouth Navy-yard, and having proceeded to New London for the purpose of taking on board the equipment of the *Bluelight*, the vessel lately used by the Commission, commenced operations at Salem, Massachusetts, about the 1st of August. Unexpectedly rich results were obtained in that vicinity, embracing not only many rare forms of animal life, but much of practical importance to the fisheries. Several places were found abounding in fish previously unknown to the fishermen of Gloucester and Marblehead. Flounders of marketable size in immense numbers were taken of a species previously entirely unknown on the American coast. This (*Glyptocephalus cynoglossus*) is a species very rare on the coast of England, where it is termed the pole, and its addition to the eatable fishes of the coast is a fact of much importance. After remaining at Salem for a short time, the steamer was ordered to proceed to Halifax, Nova Scotia, to occupy that station during a portion of the session at that city of the Joint Fisheries Convention. Leaving Salem on the 19th of August, it arrived at Halifax on Wednesday, the 22d, trawling and dredging the greater part of the way. In the course of this journey many new animals were collected of much interest to naturalists, among them several species of Greenland fish hitherto never detected south of that country.

The death of Dr. ALEXANDER VON FRANTZIUS (well known in connection with the scientific exploration of Costa Rica) took place at Freiburg, in Baden, on the 18th of July.

Dr. VON FRANTZIUS established himself as a physician many years ago in Costa Rica, for the special purpose of undertaking a systematic exploration of its natural and civil history; and it is chiefly to his own labors and those instituted by him that we owe our present thorough knowledge of that country. The collections in natural history made by him were very extensive, and were first forwarded to Berlin (the birds to CABANIS, and the mammals and reptiles to PETERS); but subsequently he entered into close scientific relations with the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, through which he obtained the identifications of a large number of his specimens. He afterward gathered together the results of these examinations and published them, with biological and critical notes, his work on the mammals of the country being of especial value.

Numerous papers of importance on the diseases and climatology of the country were published by him; among others, one upon the *Lucilia hominivora*—a fly which does great damage by laying its eggs in the nostrils of the living human subject, which on hatching produce intense suffering, frequently followed by death.

He also published several articles upon the early history of Costa Rica and its primitive population.

Broken down in health by his long sojourn in Costa Rica, Dr. VON FRANTZIUS returned to his native country, and established himself in Heidelberg, and subsequently removing to Freiburg, devoted himself to the completion of his investigations upon Central America. For a time he edited the monthly journal of the Anthropological Society of Germany, but increasing infirmity made it necessary for him to yield the task to other hands.

KRUSE, of Copenhagen, rendered a large newly erected building tenantable in a very short time by closing the tops of all the chimneys and throwing the heated products of combustion from coke furnaces, adapted to them in the cellar, into the several stories in succession, for three days each, through an opening just beneath the ceiling, and allowing them to escape through an opening near the floor. According to calculation, more than seventeen tons of water were to be removed from each story. The temperature varied during the time, according to the portion of the room, between 95° and 122°, being lowest near the floor. The air was totally renewed in this way five to six times per hour. The walls were not found to have been dried too rapidly, and the wood-work was entirely unaffected by the operation, while the mortar acquired an unusual hardness by the action of the carbonic acid.

In a recent article we gave an account of the introduction of the European quail into the vicinity of Rutland, Vermont—an enterprise under the direction of Hon. MARTIN G. EVERTS—and referred to a similar effort to introduce this species into Massachusetts.

A late number of *Forest and Stream* contains some details in regard to this last undertaking, from which we learn that the same vessel carrying the Vermont supply brought that for Massachusetts also, both having been shipped at Messina on the 5th of May, and arriving in New York on the 5th of June. Of 250 shipped, 61 died on the passage. The survivors were safely transferred to Ayer Junction, Massachusetts, from which point they were distributed, with strong hopes of ultimate success of the experiment.

The death of Dr. ABRAM SAGER, one of the most eminent anatomists and physiologists of the West, took place on the 6th of August last. Dr. SAGER was born in New York in 1810, and after graduating at Castleton, Vermont, in 1835, went to Michigan, and finally established himself at Ann Arbor, where he became a member of the faculty of the University of Michigan.

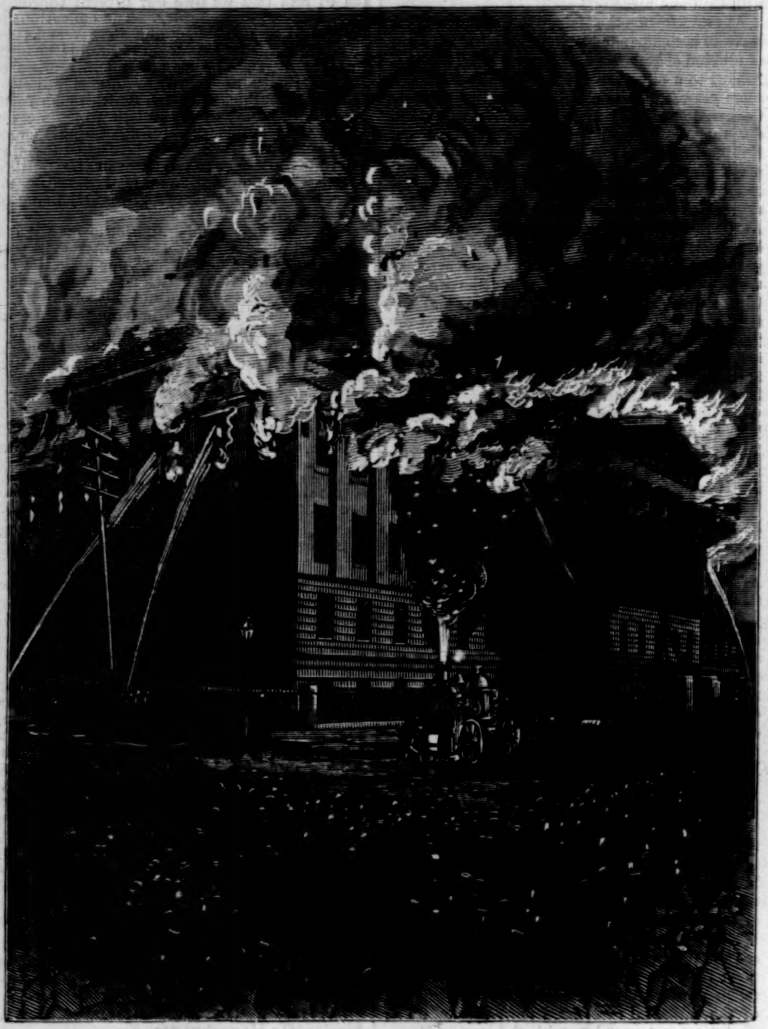
In 1837 he was placed in charge of the botanical and zoological departments of the Michigan Geological Survey, and embraced this and subsequent opportunities to make large collections, which are now the property of the university. As a writer on medical subjects he is well known, and his investigations into the embryology and development of the tailed batrachians have added much to our knowledge of those protean forms.

REV. W. G. LAWES, who has been for several years a missionary at Port Moresby, on the southeastern coast of New Guinea, has lately announced the discovery in Hope Bay, fifty miles east of Port Moresby, of the largest river in that portion of the country, and upon it an extensive village known as Kalo. On visiting the river he found it 150 feet broad at its mouth, and navigable for a considerable distance after passing a sand bar. The current was quite strong and perfectly fresh. It was named Kemp Welch, in honor of the treasurer of the London Missionary Society.

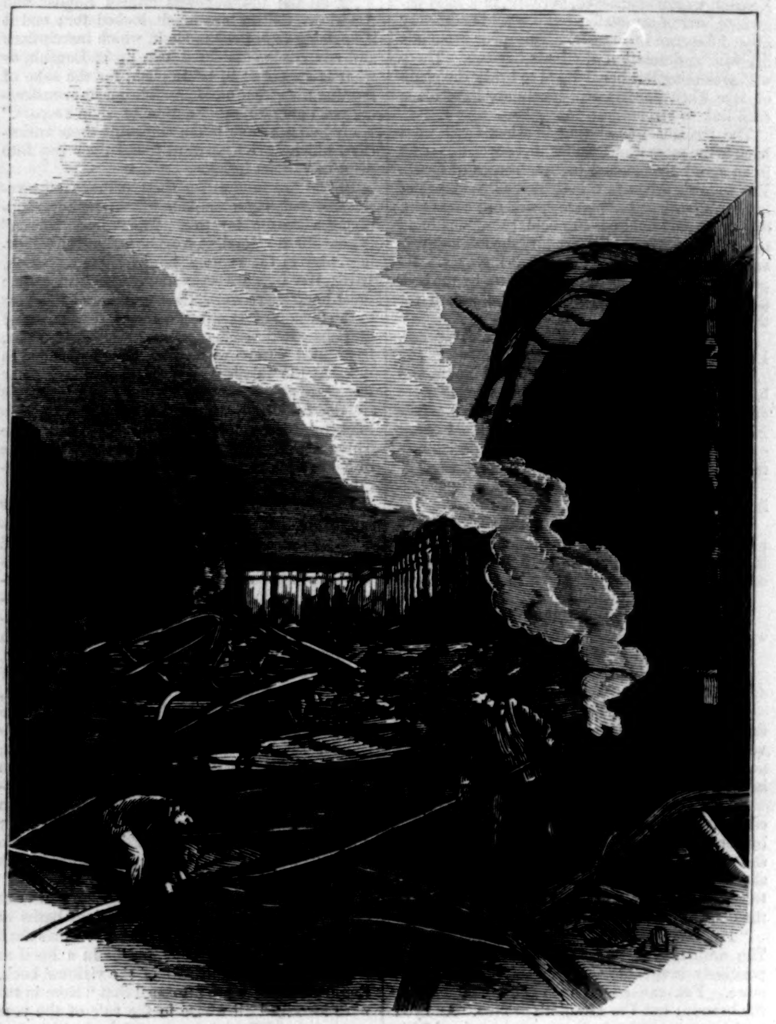
The recent death at Rochester of Mr. LEWIS BROOKS, in the eighty-fourth year of his age, absolves the agents of his bounty from the pledge of secrecy required by him in regard to his numerous benefactions in the cause of scientific education. A year or two ago the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville, was somewhat astonished at being informed, through Professor HENRY A. WARD, of Rochester, that a gentleman, whose name was to be kept unknown, proposed to present to it a valuable museum of natural history, on condition that suitable quarters were provided. This offer was, of course, gratefully accepted, and Professor WARD empowered to prepare the collection; and a portion of the cost of the building itself was, we understand, also met by Mr. BROOKS. The total amount thus contributed to the University of Virginia was $66,150, and the sum of $25,000 was given to the Washington and Lee University of Virginia for similar purposes. Although much interest was excited, both on the part of these institutions of learning and the general public, in regard to the name of the liberal donor, the secret was well kept until very recently, and only since the death of Mr. BROOKS was it known authoritatively.

It is quite probable that had Mr. BROOKS lived, he would have increased his benefactions to these institutions, as well as extending them to others in the South, in behalf of which his sympathies appear to have been especially enlisted.

Mr. BROOKS was born in Milford, Connecticut, in 1793, and went to Western New York in 1819.



THE CONFLAGRATION.



INTERIOR VIEW OF THE RUINS.

THE FIRE IN THE PATENT-OFFICE.—Photographed by T. H. O'Sullivan.—[See Page 809.]

SHEEP RAID IN COLORADO.—Drawn by Frenzeny.—[See Page 803.]

THE PRESIDENT AT DAYTON.

The 12th of September was a great day for the pleasant city of Dayton, Ohio, the seat of the National Home for disabled veterans of the war for the Union. The Soldiers' National Monument was to be unveiled by the President of the United States, and early in the morning thousands of people came crowding in from far and near to witness the interesting ceremony. The city was gayly decorated with flags, and the grounds and buildings of the Home were put in holiday trim.

Long before the hour at which the procession was to move toward the Home, crowds of people had gathered along the route and around the house of Mr. Anderson, where the President was a visitor, while thousands of others were on their way to the beautiful grounds. At half past eight the military companies assembled at the armory and marched to the residence of Mr. Anderson, whence they escorted the Presidential party to the dépôt of the Home Avenue cars, where they took the train for the grounds. The President and party proceeded to the Home in their carriages. They arrived at the north gate at half past nine, where they were received by the Brown Guards and escorted to head-quarters, a salute of twenty-one guns being fired as the distinguished visitors arrived on the grounds. A grand review and inspection of nearly three thousand veterans took place at ten o'clock, after which the President was escorted to the grand stand, where Colonel Brown, governor of the Home, read a short address of welcome. General Benjamin F. Butler, president of the Board of Managers, then introduced the President, who made a brief address.

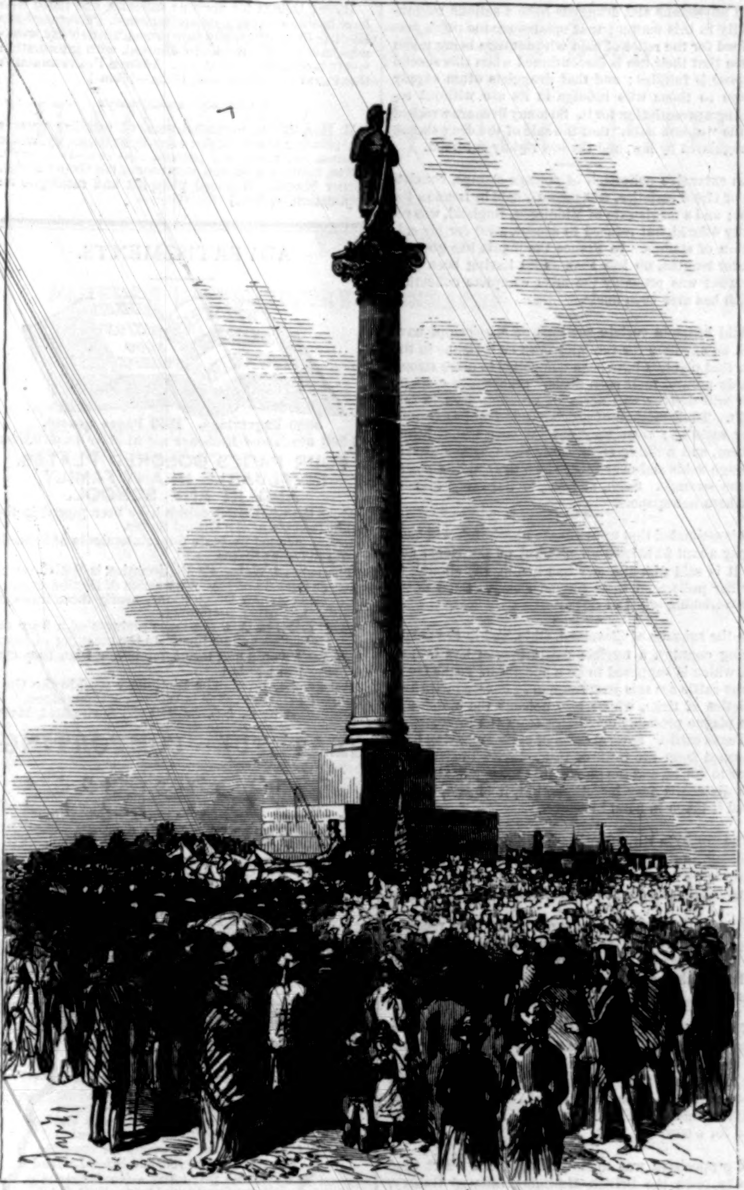
Addresses were also made by Secretary M'Crary, Chief Justice Waite, and others, after which the audience was dismissed for dinner.

At half past two o'clock, from the platform where the unveiling ceremonies took place, there occurred one of the grandest scenes ever witnessed by those present. At least 20,000 people were crowded into the space of a city square, among them 2000 ladies, while on the surrounding slopes and knolls for two squares distant were to be seen half as many more. Four military companies in gay uniforms, with flags flying, escorted the President and party to the stand. On a spacious platform were several hundred distinguished visitors and prominent citizens of Dayton and other cities, with 100 ladies. It was by far the most imposing scene witnessed by the President since he began his tour among the people.

After prayer a chorus of 200 voices, led by Otto Singer, of Cincinnati, sang "Freedom's Anthem," by Beethoven, accompanied by a splendid home band, with grand effect.

At three o'clock President Hayes was presented to the immense concourse and received with great cheers. He was given the cord to pull the canvas off the statue, but unfortunately it broke, and laughter and expressions of regret followed. The President remained standing some minutes, while a ladder forty feet long was procured, and the unveiling was completed amid cheers.

Very brief addresses were then made by Generals Cox and Butler, and by the President, and the ceremonies were at an end. In the evening the grounds were beautifully illuminated in honor of the guests.

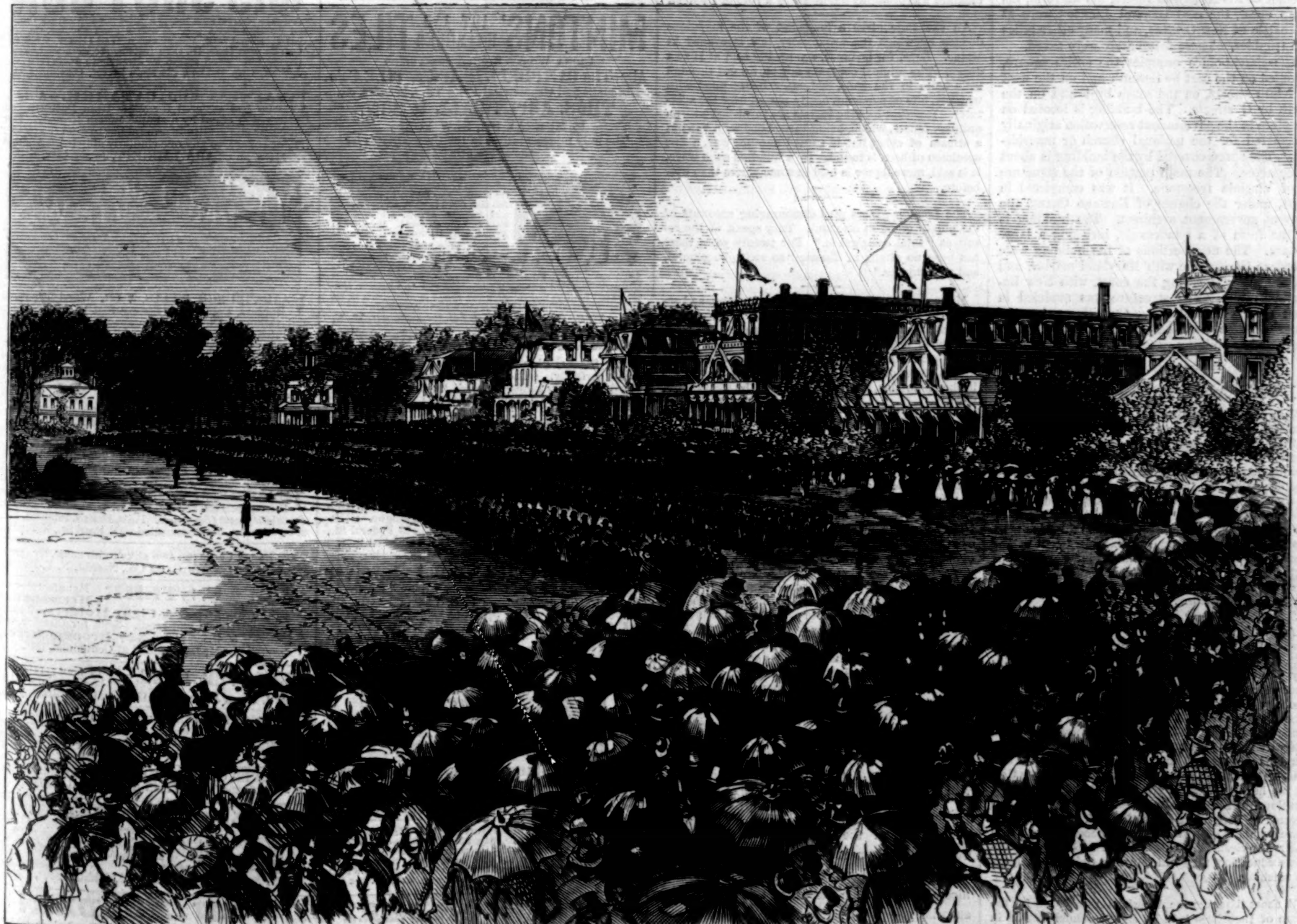


THE MONUMENT.

THE PATENT-OFFICE FIRE.

The most destructive fire that ever visited the city of Washington occurred on the 24th ult., and resulted in the destruction of the upper part of the Patent-office or Interior Department building, which covers two squares. The building consists of four wings, quadrangular in form, each wing being about 80 by 300 feet, with an open court of about one and a half acres in the centre. The basement and first or main floor are occupied by the Secretary of the Interior, the Land-office, Indian Bureau, and Patent-office, the last-named office occupying about two-thirds of the entire building. The model-room is located on the third floor, and consists of four grand halls opening into each other, and affording a promenade of about one-fourth of a mile around the four sides of the quadrangle. The fire originated in a loft of the west wing over the model-room. This loft has been used exclusively for storage of rejected models, and has not been open to public inspection. The rejected models were packed in the loft on hastily improvised staging and shelving. The entire room was flanked with these wooden supports, and pine tables were crowded together along its entire length, and filled with models. In addition to this inflammable mass, the braces, rafters, and other supports for the roof were composed of pine wood, giving the loft the general appearance of a huge junk-shop, and suggesting just such a conflagration as swept it away. The law allows the Commissioner of Patents to sell rejected models, or loan them to colleges and literary and scientific institutions; but as many important patent suits have turned on rejected models, the Commissioner has declined to dispose of them in this manner during the past few years, and in consequence over 20,000 of such models were in the loft when the fire broke out. The fire originated in this vast collection of combustibles.

No access could be obtained to the loft save by a narrow and crooked stairway. A large tank of water stood outside the south end of the attic, but this could not be reached because of the rapidity with which the flames spread, and it was necessary to go at least 500 feet before water could be obtained to throw upon the flames. The floor on which the fire originated being eighty feet above the street, was twenty feet above the highest rise of Potomac water. The loft was seldom visited, and never with a light, and no fire has been in that portion of the building for over two years. One theory among many is that the fire originated from spontaneous combustion caused by rejected chemical compounds, of which



GRAND REVIEW OF THREE THOUSAND DISABLED VETERANS.

THE PRESIDENT AT THE NATIONAL SOLDIERS' HOME, DAYTON, OHIO.—[Photographed by Mott Brothers.]

large quantities in the shape of specimens were stored in the loft, or from the accidental placing of some model having a burning-glass or lens in such a position that the sun shining through the sky-light which covered that portion of the building ignited the punk that every where abounded.

The destruction of rejected models is complete. These numbered about 20,000, but, save in very few instances, their value was slight. The number of patent models destroyed is from 65,000 to 80,000. These embraced all models in metal-working, wood-working, agricultural implements of all kinds, models in civil and mechanical engineering, mills, carriages, wagons, and models pertaining to railroading, hydraulic, pneumatic, and portions of models belonging to various other classes. Among the models destroyed is that for the original cotton-gin invented by Levi Whitney. The models of sewing-machines and looms were much damaged, but mainly from water. The original model for the Howe sewing-machine was saved. About 100,000 models are intact in the south and west wings. These embrace all models in toys, fine arts, fire-arms, ships, stoves, lamps and gas-fixtures, leather-working, printing, and paper furniture, philosophical instruments, and builders' hardware. It is estimated that about two-fifths of all the models in the office were destroyed. Many of these were only valuable as curiosities, but it is estimated that about ten per cent. of them had positive value as evidence in contested patent cases. The loss in this direction is lessened somewhat by the fact that all the original drawings and written records of the Patent-office are safe. Over 200,000 original drawings were hastily carried out during the conflagration and saved from damage. The loss of these drawings would not have been severely felt, as nearly all the drawings have been reproduced, many copies having been made of each. The outer walls of the building do not appear to have been damaged. The total loss will probably reach $1,000,000.

This vast structure is known as the Patent-office Building, although the Patent-office is only a single bureau in the Interior Department. The structure receives its designation of Patent-office for the reason that the building, which is the centre of the Interior Department, was originally constructed for the Patent-office ten years before the Interior Department was organized. The Interior Department, which occupies the building, includes the Indian Office, Bureau of Education, Patent-office, Pension-office, Land-office, Bureau of the Survey of the Territories, and various minor bureaus under the charge of the Interior Department. The records of every thing relating to patents, pensions, public lands, Indians, census, education, benevolent societies of the District of Columbia, and railroad land grants are for the most part located in this building. Here also were kept some priceless mementoes and treasures of deep historic interest. Among them were the Declaration of Independence, Washington's commission as commander-in-chief of the American forces, his uniform, his camp chest, the coat General Jackson wore at the battle of New Orleans, and many other relics and trophies. These fortunately were saved.

The Patent-office occupies the entire square, bounded on the east by Seventh and on the west by Ninth streets, on the south by F and on the north by G streets. The building is located on the place in the government reservation originally designated for the national church or mausoleum. The space covered by the building is about three acres. The main portion of the structure is of Virginia freestone. It was completed in 1864, under the charge of Edward Clark, the present government architect. The building is in the form of a quadrangle, inclosing a large square. The new portions of the building were faced on the outside with Maryland marble, and on the inside, fronting the court, with New England granite. The structure was modeled in part after the Pantheon. Our illustrations on page 808 represent the exterior and interior of the burning building.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The American Institute is now holding its forty-sixth annual exhibition on Third Avenue and Sixty-third Street, and thus far its attendance has been larger than in previous years. The exhibition hall has been greatly improved by the carpenter, the painter, and the decorator. In the centre a magnificent fountain is constantly in operation. The music stand is occupied by twenty-two first-class musicians. The whir of machinery and the presence of great throngs of visitors forcibly remind one of Machinery Hall at the Centennial Exhibition. The entries include every imaginable invention. The Board of Managers have appropriated liberal sums of money to be distributed as awards to competitors.

A few years ago the Chinese government appropriated $1,500,000 for the purpose of educating a number of Chinese youths, of the wealthy class, in this country. Yung Wing (or Sing) had the charge of selecting them, and giving them in America such training as he thought best. The lads were from seven to fourteen years of age, and the first party arrived in 1872; others came in 1873 and 1874, there being about 115 in all. They were placed, two together, in the families of New England farmers, so that they might learn the language quickly, but spent a certain portion of the time at the head-quarters at Hartford, so that they might continue their Chinese studies. A fine edifice has been erected by Yung Wing at Hartford. The Chinese boys have generally been victorious in school contests with their American classmates. After a thorough collegiate education, they will return to China and engage in teaching.

A short time ago the American Association for the Cure of Inebriates held its eighth annual session in Chicago. It was stated by the president of the association that the importations of opium are largely increasing every year, and that the use of this pernicious drug as a stimulant is rapidly spreading among the American people. The opinion was expressed that both physicians and druggists have a serious responsibility in this matter; that opiates are too often prescribed for the relief of pain without care being taken to see that their use is discontinued when this special purpose is fulfilled; and that druggists often supply opium to those who indulge in its use without requiring a prescription for it. So many lives are wrecked by the "opium habit" that the sale of the drug should be regulated by law, and the law rigidly enforced.

An extensive collection of postage-stamps, consisting of 17,000 varieties, was recently sold in London for £800; and a magistrate of Middlesex, England, was recently offered, but refused to accept, £900 for his collection of stamps. In France the mania has gone to greater lengths, no less than £3000 having been paid for what was probably the most complete collection which has ever been made.

Wild bears in certain sections of Mississippi have such an affection for the juicy corn as it ripens in the field that planters have been compelled to place strong guards around their corn fields. Sometimes a single bear will destroy two acres of growing corn in one night. Their method of procedure is first to eat until fully satisfied; then they cut off corn-stalks below the ear, and walking erect, carry them by the armful through fields and over fences into their hiding-places in the swamps. Such, at least, is the story told by Southern newspapers.

It is estimated that unfortunate Pittsburgh will have to pay about $2,930,000 on account of the riots; and yet it is said that the city had not money enough to pay her policemen their August salary. Such is the impoverishing effect of riots.

In the suburbs of Cleveland, Ohio, and in the neighboring country, a terrible cattle plague has broken out, which is supposed to be a species of Texas fever. Texas cattle are this year frequently covered with two varieties of ticks, whose bite poisons the blood, and this plague probably originates from the importation of Texas cattle. Several cases of children having been poisoned from the milk of these diseased cattle have come to notice, and the public are thoroughly alarmed. The disease is very infectious, but, it is said, can be cured if taken in hand in season.

The moose in Nova Scotia are anticipating the honor of being hunted during the month of October by the Marquis of Lorne. Some of them will doubtless receive substantial tokens of his regard.

The Union Pacific passenger train was recently stopped and robbed by thirteen masked men at Big Springs, Nebraska. The express car was broken into, and from that and the passengers more than $60,000 was taken.

The "Fifth Duchess of Hillhurst" is the name of a short-horned cow which was lately sold in England for the sum of $22,500. She is described as a "charming creature." The "Dutchess of Geneva," which was sold two or three years ago in New York State, brought $36,750, which is believed to be the largest sum ever paid for a cow.

A proposition was made in England a short time ago to open the British Museum, National Gallery, and other public buildings on the Sabbath; but when the question came before the House of Commons, the measure was promptly put down by a vote of 278 to 87.

An exchange gives a long list of the ingenious dodges by which the prohibitory law is evaded in Maine. Eggs, for instance, are readily sold at $1 50 a dozen. The original contents are blown out through little holes in the ends, and, after being filled with whiskey, bits of paper are neatly pasted over the apertures. Innocent-looking barrels are furnished with an ordinary faucet, which, being turned one way, lets out a stream of cider, but if turned another way, a fine specimen of beer is found. In a hundred such ways, it is said, more liquor is sold in some places than ever before.

The London papers give discouraging accounts of the potato crops in England. They speak of the result as "total destruction." For twenty years there has been no attack of disease "so swift, so general, and so complete."

Many persons are predicting an early, long, and severe winter. They tell of the unusual abundance of pine cones, the big piles of dirt the gophers are making about their holes, the unusual thickness of the corn shucks, the industry of the woodpeckers in laying up stores of acorns, the early rising of the springs in the mountains, and the mildness of the weather last winter.

Ten thousand cards of condolence were left at the Paris residence of M. Thiers on the day his death was announced.

There is dishonesty enough in the world—no doubt of that—but yet it is well to be careful how we allow ourselves to become suspicious in regard to others. Not long ago two wealthy and respectable ladies called at the place of business of a New York importer of diamonds. They wished to select a gem, and the importer himself waited upon them. After they had gone, a very valuable diamond was missing. Every nook and corner of the room was searched, and every possible hiding-place examined, but in vain. Of course it would not do to charge the ladies with having stolen it, so the importer finally concluded it must be altogether a dead loss to him. About ten days afterward the importer, carelessly putting his hand into the side pocket of his coat, found the truant diamond safely reposing within. He must have put it there himself, either accidentally or in a fit of absent-mindedness.

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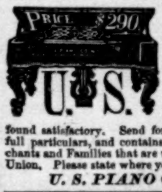

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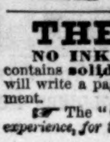

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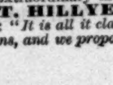
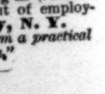

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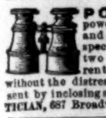

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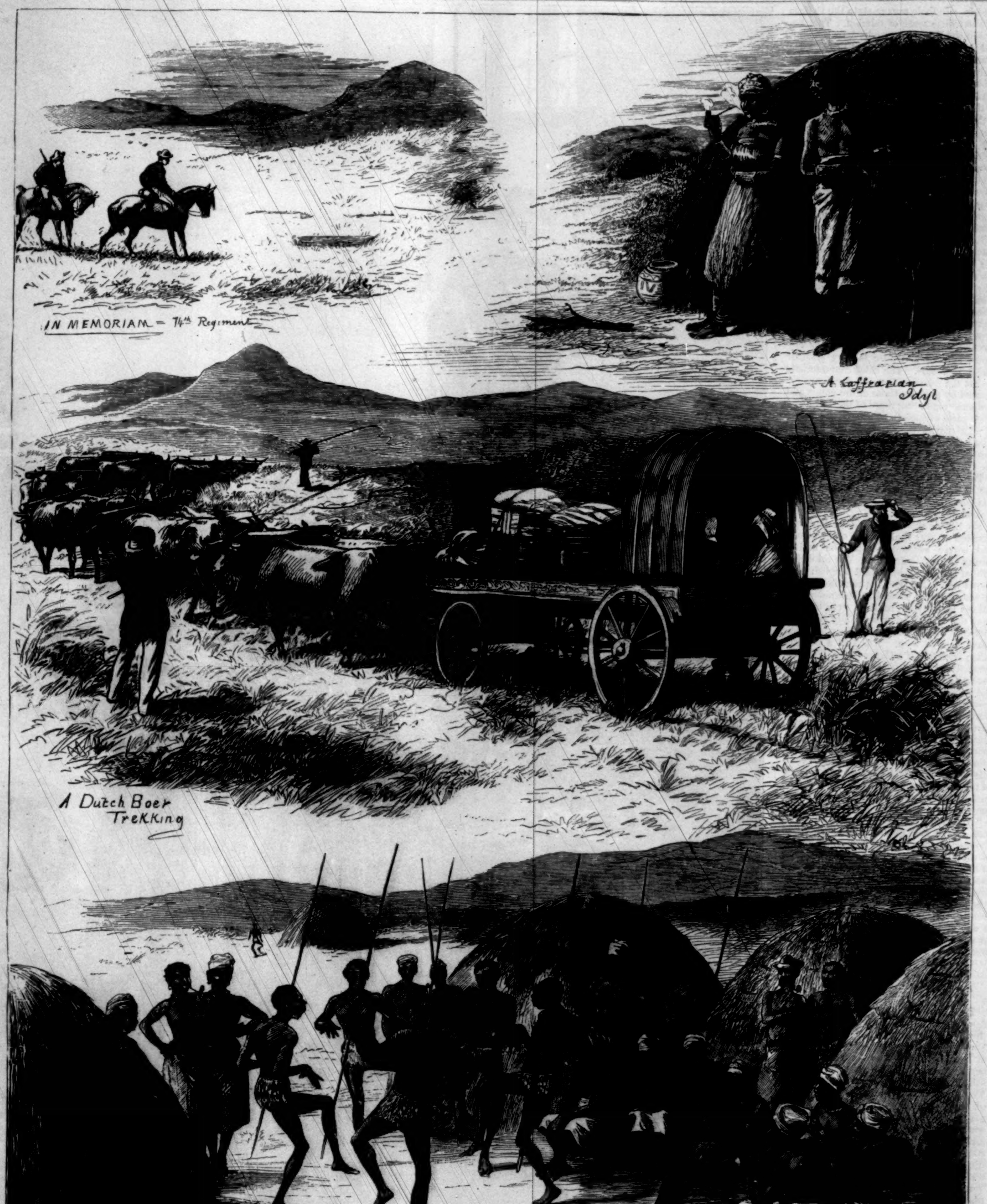


SKETCHES IN CAFFRARIA.

SKETCHES IN CAFFRARIA.

LIFE in Caffraria—a district extending along the eastern coast of Africa from Delagoa Bay to the northern boundary of Cape Colony—would scarcely seem to offer much attraction to emigrants from a civilized part of the world, and yet a class of Europeans have been found hardy enough to establish settlements even in this unpromising region. Cape Town, and also the Colony, were originally settled by the Dutch; but in 1795 the revolutionary tide that swept over Europe extended its influence to this remote corner of the globe, and the settlement being a dependency of Holland, it was seized by a British force on behalf of the Prince of Orange. This occasioned much indignation among the Dutch colonists, and many of them pushed their way northward into Caffraria, where they formed an alliance with the native tribes, and established various settlements.

The climate of Caffraria differs in some respects from that of the Cape. The greatest amount of rain falls in the spring and summer. The winter is generally dry, but during the warm season the thermometer ranges from 70° to 90°. In its general formation the country resembles that of Cape Colony. It rises from the sea in a series of steppes or plateaus, the walls of which are formed by ranges of hills nearly parallel to the mountain chain which for the most part forms the boundary. These steppes, however, are not so well defined as nearer the Cape. The surface of the country is extremely varied, in some parts presenting plane and table land, and in others a succession of gently sloping hills. The rivers of Caffraria flow for the most part between high banks fringed with brush-wood, or shaded by large trees, and, like all mountain streams, are low and feeble in dry weather, but swollen and turbid in the rainy season. The soil is not specially productive, but repays the labors of the farmer in a certain measure.

One source of great difficulty to the Boers, as the Dutch settlers are called, is the constant fear of treachery on the part of the natives. The Caffres, though possessing some redeeming traits, exhibit the usual characteristics of savages—duplicity and cruelty. Of late, also, they have acquired a familiarity with the use of fire-arms, which renders them more dangerous than ever. In appearance the Caffres compare favorably with many of the natives of Africa. They may be described generally as tall and well formed, having regular features and well-developed foreheads; with skins varying in hue from black to copper-color, and crisp woolly hair, like that of the negro, only growing in small detached tufts. Their clothing consists of a cloak made of skins, or latterly a blanket. The war dress, however, is more elaborate, comprising kilts made of skins, and head-dresses of feathers obtained from various birds. Their principal ornaments are armlets and necklaces made of beads or the teeth of

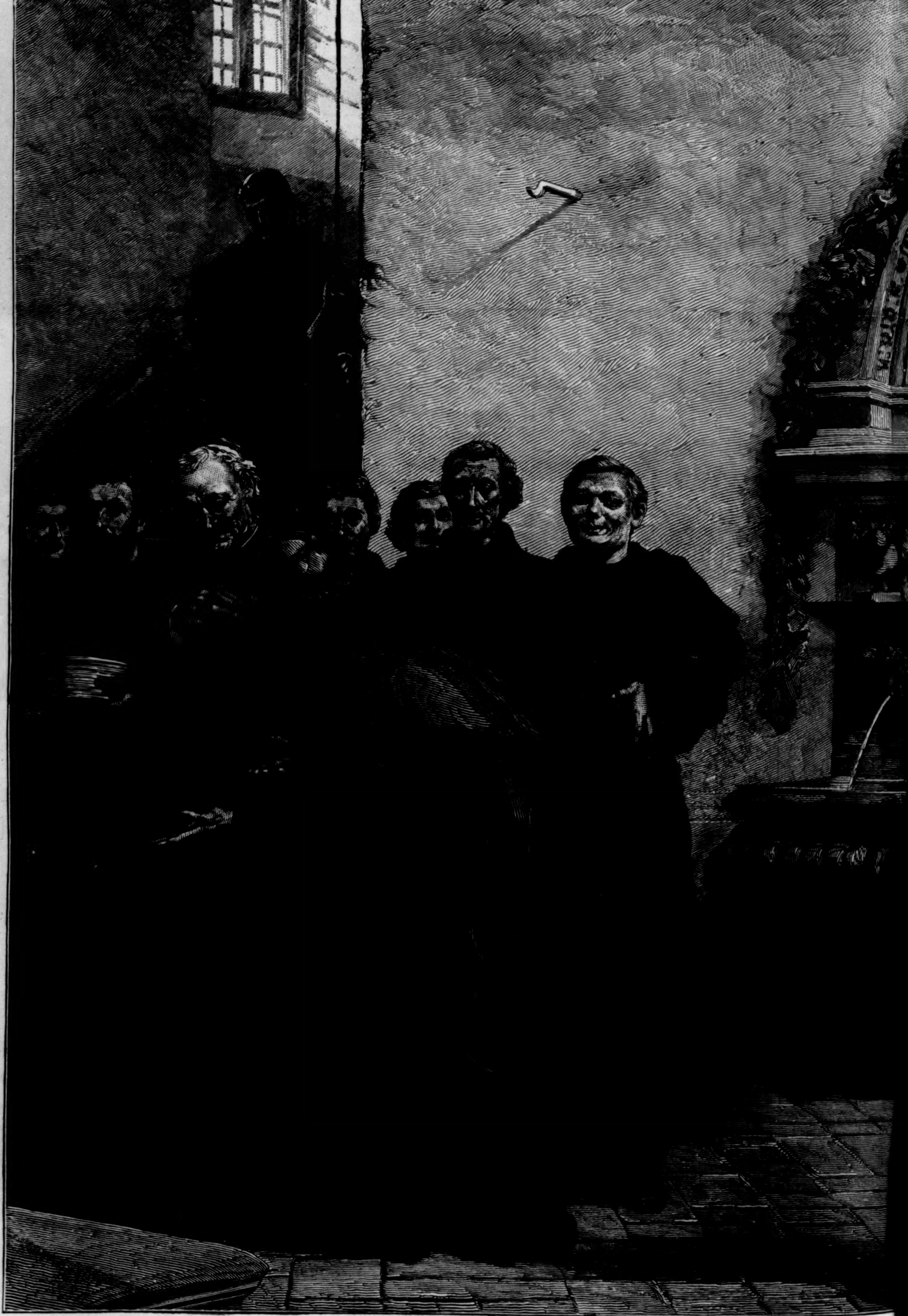
animals. In their savage state the Caffres have but little sense of religion. They believe in the Being who made the world, but hold that if He has not ceased to exist, He at least no longer concerns Himself with its affairs. As a substitute for the Deity, they believe that the spirits of their forefathers exercise an influence over them. Added to this, they have a profound conviction of the reality of witchcraft. The "witch-doctor," who professes to discover witches and wizards, plays a prominent part in their social and political system. He is always a ready instrument in the hands of the chief, who, whenever he dislikes or fears any of his subjects, or covets their property, employs the "doctor" to accuse them of witchcraft. The punishment is death, after which their possessions are added to those of the chief. The Caffres practice circumcision, eschew pork as food, and have other customs similar to those of the Jews. It has been suggested that certain of their habits have been borrowed from that nation; but a more probable explanation is that a similarity of climate and other external circumstances will produce similar customs. The language of the Caffres is singularly soft and harmonious, and its structure is very peculiar and complicated. The chief characteristic is that the relations between words are expressed by prefixes, those of the nouns and pronouns regulating those of the verbs and other parts of speech. Through the efforts of missionaries the language has been reduced to writing, and a translation of the New Testament effected for the benefit of the Caffres.

The artist to whom we are indebted for the sketches given on the preceding page has furnished the following notes descriptive of the drawings:

No. 1. This sketch was made in the neighborhood of Fort Hadden, the scene of several severe encounters with the natives during the last Caffre war. The colonel of one of the more important English regiments was killed, and his remains, together with those of several non-commissioned officers and private soldiers, were interred near this spot. At present only slight indications of the mounds that marked their grave can be seen. No. 2 is a portrait taken from life of a Caffre belle. She was arrayed for some gala occasion, and her face was most artistically besmeared with the mixture of red clay and oil that, according to Caffre taste, does so much toward enhancing the natural beauty of the features. No. 3 represents a Dutch Boer removing from his farm on account of rumors of a native outbreak. He takes with him his family and all the goods and chattels he can carry. A fair idea of the mode of travelling common in the interior can be gathered from this sketch. No. 4 represents a scene witnessed on the occasion of a "Nungalolo," or native war dance. The men "gyre and gimble on the wabe" to the monotonous but not unmusical chants of the women, who mark time by clapping of hands. On special occasions the natives meet together on certain locations by hundreds, even to a couple of thousand or so, when the effect is singularly wild and weird. After keeping the dancing up for a day and night, or even more, they set to and demolish an ox or two by way of refreshment.

CLOISTER LIFE.

This spirited and striking engraving is from a painting recently exhibited in the Royal Academy, London. The artist, Mr. Topham, has chosen for his subject a group of holy brothers whose thoughts have just been drawn earthward by that most prosaic of all sounds, a summons to dinner. Yet as monks still retain a large amount of human nature in their composition, we may justly presume that the efforts of the worthy brother who has "set the bell a-ringing" are fully appreciated by his comrades. As they troop in, the various dispositions indicated by their faces form an interesting study. The features of the veteran with his hands clasped indicate a placid benevolence, while his interlocutor is evidently of a more restless temperament. Behind him stands one who, to judge from his ascetic countenance, regards dinner rather as a necessity to be endured than as a luxury to be enjoyed. This doctrine is certainly not held by the jovial brother whose hand gently presses that part of his person which is destined apparently to expand under the genial influence of dinner. Mr. Topham has judiciously occupied the background of his picture with a very artistic fountain, at which the brothers perform their somewhat scanty ablutions, soap being a substance which is but lightly esteemed in the countries bordering on the Mediterranean.



CLOISTER LIFE—"OUTSIDE THE REFECTORY DOOR [D]INNE[R]

Monasticism, until the beginning of the study of comparative religion, was regarded as a strictly Christian institution; but recent researches reveal it as having entered into various religious systems both ancient and modern. Indeed, it is now clearly apparent that the theory of ascetic life travelled from the East to the West, but the question of the time when it originated in the East still remains in doubt. Egypt was undoubtedly the fruitful soil wherein the Christian ideas of poverty and self-abnegation rapidly developed into asceticism. The honor of originating Christian monasticism has been shared by two devout men, Basil and Anthony. The former may be regarded as the first in point of time who exemplified the thought in his own practice; but Anthony extended his influence so far as to draw the attention of the world to the peculiar fascination of an ascetic life, and induce many to adopt it.

Anthony was born on the borders of Upper Egypt, in the village of Coma, in the province of Heraclopolis, about the year 251. A spirit of simple and earnest but somewhat unintelligent piety animated him from his youth. Losing both his parents about his twentieth year, the care of a young sister and of a considerable property devolved upon him alone. In addition to the ordinary Christian obligations arising out of this position, he conceived himself called upon, like the rich young man in the Gospel, to dispose of his property and submit to a life of voluntary poverty, in which there would be nothing to hinder him in the performance of his spiritual duties. In obedience to this impulse, he assigned his landed estates to the inhabitants of his native village, under condition that he should not be troubled regarding any charges to which they were liable. He then retired to a distance from his native village, and took up his abode in the recess of a rock such as the Egyptians used for purposes of entombment. Here he fasted and afflicted himself until he was overtaken by illness, and carried back to the village in a fainting and deranged condition.

The morbid spirit of devotion burned in him, however, too ardently to be quenched. He afterward sought a more distant retirement, where he remained for twenty years. The deserts of Egypt began to fill with devotees, who courted his presence and followed his example. With Anthony, however, the love of seclusion soon prevailed over the love of power, and the numbers who intruded upon his solitude soon drove him to a still more inaccessible retreat among the mountains. But even here he did not escape molestation. Followers gathered around him in spite of all his efforts to maintain a strict privacy; and the first rudiments of a monastery grew up in the wilds of an Egyptian desert. But Anthony did not aim at any complete organization of his followers. He contented himself with teaching them to labo[r] directing their spirit[u] saint was prolonged to and his fame increas[ed] ness and a miraculo[us] attach to his person. he made his appearan[ce] ious enthusiasm whi[ch] and universal. Duri[ng] 352, when he was m[ore] reached such a height to have pressed for[ward] in the hope of being

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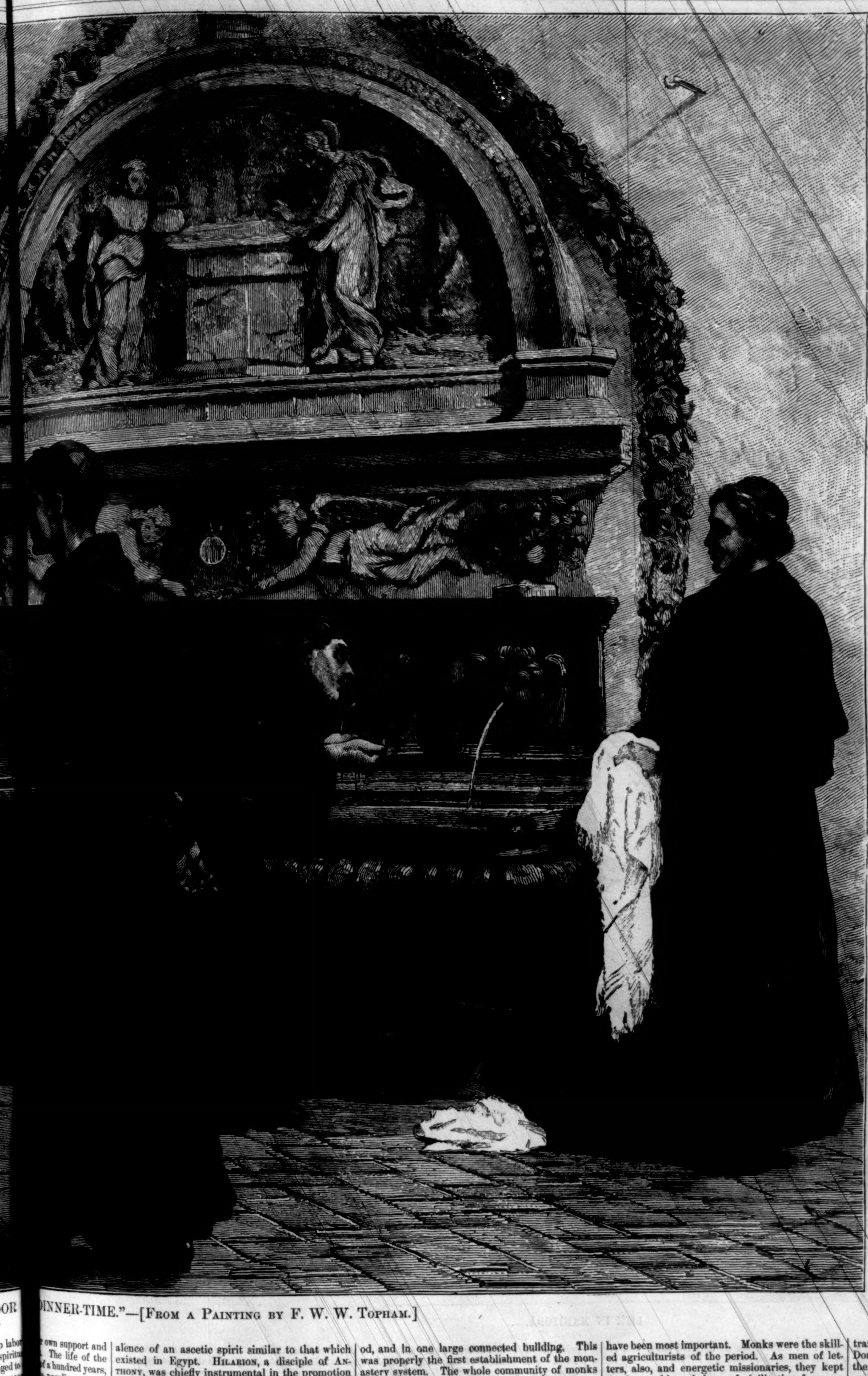
own sup[...] The lif[e] of a hundr[ed] peculiar were sup[posed] occasio[n] xandria, t[he] cited was visit, in t[he] a century pagans ch his g[...] n their di[...] Anthony , favored te and th[e]



OR … DINNER-TIME."—[FROM A PAINTING BY F. W. W. TOPHAM.]

o labo… spiritu… ged to… ncreas… aculou… rson. … pearan… n whi… Duri… was m… height… d for… being… thus… yria an… mstanc…

… own support and … The life of the … f a hundred years, … peculiar sacred- … were supposed to … o occasions when … xandria, the relig- … ited was intense … visit, in the year … a century old, it … pagans are said … uch his garment, … m their diseases. … ANTHONY spread … , favored by the … ate and the prev-alence of an ascetic spirit similar to that which existed in Egypt. HILARION, a disciple of ANTHONY, was chiefly instrumental in the promotion of asceticism in Palestine; while the great BASIL of Cæsarea, the fellow-student and friend of GREGORY NAZIANZEN, warmly embraced its spirit, and more than any other contributed to its advance through Syria and to the shores of the Black Sea. In the mean time, while the idea of asceticism was spreading so rapidly all through the East, PACHOMIUS, an Egyptian monk born near the close of the third century, was actively engaged in introducing a spirit of organization among its devotees. To him is attributed the foundation of cloister life, or the collection of the religious into societies according to a regular method, and in one large connected building. This was properly the first establishment of the monastery system. The whole community of monks thus formed was placed under the rule of a president or abbot, after whom an organized gradation of offices and ranks was arranged suitable for the preservation of the society and the securing of order.

In its first institution, and throughout the Middle Ages, it can not be doubted that the monastic system was productive of enormous good in the way of propagating Christianity and advancing the cause of education and general enlightenment. "The services," says BLUNT, "that monasticism has rendered to civilization in the transition of society from ancient times to the Middle Ages have been most important. Monks were the skilled agriculturists of the period. As men of letters, also, and energetic missionaries, they kept the lamp of knowledge and civilization from expiring in the very darkest periods, and whatever was done in the way of educating the young was carried on within the walls of the monastery."

But the evils that had their origin from these societies more than counterbalanced the good. Being often exempted from all civil or foreign ecclesiastical authority, they became hot-beds of insubordination and of corruption to the Church. The temptations arising out of a state of celibacy, too often enforced in the first instance by improper means, and always bound upon the members of these societies by a religious vow, were the occasion of great scandals. Moreover, the enormous wealth with which some of them were endowed brought with it a greater degree of pride and ostentation than was becoming in Christians, particularly those who had devoted themselves to a life of poverty and self-denial. Thus it came about that the intrigues of the friars, the accumulation of wealth, and the decay of discipline wrought the fall of the monasteries.

The opposition to the monasteries began long before the period of the Reformation. Their dissolution commenced in England as early as 1312, when the order of Templars was suppressed, and a portion of their possessions given to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem. During the fifteenth century many other houses were dissolved, and their revenues transferred to the universities of Cambridge and Oxford. HENRY VIII. obtained an act of Parliament for the dissolution of the monasteries and the transfer of their revenues to the crown.

It is hardly necessary to say that the reformed Churches of the sixteenth century discarded the practice of monasticism, and suppressed as far as possible all monastic societies. But in some of the German states the temporalities of the suppressed monasteries were retained, and were granted at pleasure by the sovereign to be enjoyed with the titular dignity. Subsequently a few of the German Churches revived the institution both for men and for women. This has also been done in the Anglican Church, both in the time of LAUD and in our own day. In all these Protestant revivals of monasticism, however, the engagement is revocable at the will of the individual. At the time of the French Revolution the monastic establishments of France were utterly suppressed, and in most of the other Catholic countries of Europe the example has been followed to a greater or less extent.

Within the last twenty years there has been an apparent reaction in favor of monasticism, and the institution has seemed to flourish unaccountably both in England and America. In the United States, monasticism, because modified to suit the nature and exigencies of the times, is a flourishing institution, and sufficiently influential to contain many elements of political danger. It serves directly as the great feeder of the Roman Catholic Church, most of their schools being under the charge of one or another ecclesiastical order. The members are not given to contemplation or study, as in the earlier ages of the Church, but spend their lives in caring for the poor and instructing the young, while at the same time they propagate with the utmost assiduity the dogmas of their peculiar creed.

LIFE IN MANITOBA.

THESE sketches, together with others which have been published in previous issues of the *Weekly* illustrative of the same subject, will give our readers an idea of the life which is led in that part of North America which was formerly under the sway of the Hudson Bay Company. The original grant of the territory indefinitely known as British America was made to the Hudson Bay Company in 1670 by CHARLES II. In 1811, a tract including what is now the province of Manitoba was sold by the company to THOMAS DOUGLAS, Earl of Selkirk. Under his auspices a colony was established, sometimes called the Selkirk Settlement, but more commonly the Red River Settlement. The first body of colonists arrived from the Highlands of Scotland in 1812, and a second party in 1815. They settled on the Red River near its confluence with the Assiniboine. Subsequently a number of other settlers arrived, including several French Canadian families.

For a time the history of the colony was little more than a series of contentions with the employés of the Hudson Bay Company. These contests militated against the success of the settlement to such an extent that the heirs of LORD SELKIRK were glad to surrender back to the company the territory granted him in 1811. The result was the establishment of a more regular government than had previously existed. The province now received the name of Assiniboia, and was provided with a Governor and Council, who exercised jurisdiction over the district embraced within a radius of fifty miles from the principal town of Winnipeg.

In 1867 an act was passed by the English Parliament creating the Dominion of Canada, which included a plan for the acquisition by that government of the Hudson Bay territory. December 1, 1869, was subsequently fixed as the date of transfer. But in the mean time an act of the Dominion Parliament was passed providing for the temporary government of the whole region, under the name of the Northwest Territories, respecting which the inhabitants of Assiniboia were not consulted. This fact, together with other apparent causes for dissatisfaction, created much alarm. Upon the approach of WILLIAM M'DOUGALL, who was to act as lieutenant of the Northwest Territories, a party of French half-breeds, under the lead of a man named LOUIS RIEL, resolved to prevent the new head of the government from entering the settlement until some guarantee was offered that the rights of the inhabitants would be respected. From October, 1869, until August, 1870, the insurgents held possession of